

# Spicy

STORIES

**April**  
**25 Cents**



**Louise**  
**Langdon**

:

**Ralph**  
**Gordon**

:

**Frank**  
**Kenneth**  
**Young**

:

**Carroll**  
**Mayers**

:

**Carl**  
**Webster**

**LOOK! • LOOK!**

# FRENCH PHOTOS

**MEN ONLY:** Get a complete set of Real French Pictures. Set consists of 6 dozen photos or a total of 72 photos, all different. Action pictures of young love couples in intimate poses. Young and beautiful girls alone in boudoir and parlor scenes. Also art poses "Snuff Sed". The complete set for only a \$1.00 bill. **ALL NEW RED HOT STUFF!**

**Very Special:** For a limited time only. We will include with the above order a sample package of **FRENCH GOODS, FRENCH STORIES,** etc., and etc.

## COUPON!

REX SALES CO., Dept. P. S.  
4166 Park Avenue, New York City

Gentlemen:

As per your offer send me the complete set of 72 (or 6 doz.) French Photos. Also the French package included with this. All complete for \$1.00. Enclosed you will find \$1.00 in payment. (Cash) (MoneyOrder) (Stamps)

Name .....

Address .....

City..... State.....

Please Print Carefully

## COUPON!

**Yes!** You will receive everything complete.

**All for \$1.00**

You may send cash, money order, or stamps!

**Note!** Send your order in today!! (Snuff Sed)

**REX SALES CO.**

4166 Park Avenue New York City  
Dept. P. S.

**LOOK! • LOOK!**

**NOTICE: Please Use the Coupon for Quick and Safety First Delivery.**

# Spicy

## STORIES

*Chuck full o' fun*

APRIL

1933



Volume VIII

Number 4

### SPICY STORIES

Going Up! . . . . .	<i>Ralph Gordon</i>	4
"Wild Flower!" . . . . .	<i>Carl Webster</i>	12
The Temple of Venus . . . . .	<i>Frank Kenneth Young</i>	20
"Apple Polishing" . . . . .	<i>S. A. Mylne</i>	28
"Inspiration!" . . . . .	<i>Jean Maxwell</i>	45
What A Man! . . . . .	<i>Reggie Coghlan</i>	51
The Right Man . . . . .	<i>Carroll B. Mayers</i>	54

### SNAPPY FEATURES

Between You and Me! . . . . .	2-3
The Spice of Life . . . . .	11

### A FIVE-PART SERIAL

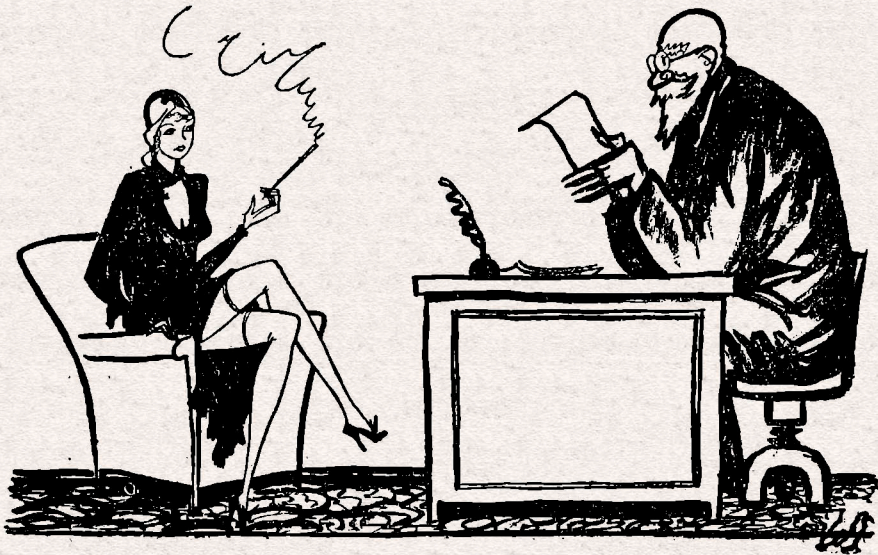
"Love Crazy!" . . . . .	<i>Louise Langdon</i>	40
(Part Two)		

COVER BY R. A. BURLEY.

SPICY STORIES is published monthly by the Merwil Publishing Co., Inc., New York City. Editorial and Advertising Office: 480 Lexington Avenue. All rights reserved.

Address all manuscripts to the Editor and enclose postage or self-addressed stamped envelope to insure return of manuscripts in case of rejection.

# Between You and Me!



Dear Editor:  
"Between You and Me"

Please allow me to add my praise to the numerous letters you have been getting from subscribers to your various magazines. Under present conditions with everything pretty "blue," business in "red," and the outlook more "black" than "white," we need something peppy and smart like "Spicy Stories," "Pep," "Gay Parisienne," etc., to keep us out of depression.

It is unnecessary to write much, only to say I hope you will long continue to offer magazines of the high type of those published by your house. The pictures are splendid and although I am with those who request "male" photos are well as "female," I am afraid this will not be as possible or as satisfying as the ones you are now printing.

I should very much like to get into touch with other like minded people of either sex, and would correspond with them, preferably anyone in Providence or Pawtucket.

Yours very truly,  
James Baldwin.

Box 787, Pawtucket, R. I.

Dear Sir:

This is an open letter and open invitation to girls, preferably of New York, like Miss V. K. of Brooklyn, to write to me. Twenty-two, and interesting.

Please print this in your next issue of Spicy if possible.

William Whitcomb.  
987 Trinity Ave., Bronx, N. Y., N. Y.

Dear Sir:

As I am a constant reader of your Spicy and La Paree magazines I feel that I can ask of you a favor.

In your November issue of Spicy a young lady initialed V. K. is asking for some pen pals. I would like to write to Miss V. K., as I believe we would enjoy writing to each other.

Will you please publish this in your next issue of Spicy. Thanking you for your kindness, I am,

Sincerely,  
Vincent Du Min.  
1265 Bay Ridge Pkwy., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Sirs:

I wrote you sometime ago about Pep stories. I have just finished February Spicy. It is much better than before. You are giving us girls a better break. I want to support Miss A. H.'s plea for some nude photographs of men. Why give the men all the pictures to look at? The story illustrations need the same criticism.

I would also suggest that the descriptions of love scenes might be carried farther and increase interest. "Blushing Bride" stopped just when an inspiring description of love could have been added.

I believe the men would also appreciate less drapery in the photos. I should be glad to correspond with men.

Address Gen. Del., Parkersburg, W. Va.

Yours for Peppier Stories,  
Jeane O. Harlane.

Dear Sir:

I am a stenographer and have been reading two of your magazines for only a few months but I get a great kick out of them and you can count me a regular subscriber. Spicy Stories is my favorite and the pictures and stories certainly reach the right spot. "Making Her" gave me a thrill, for I could just imagine myself in the heroine's place.

I would like to have some of your readers write to me. I am a brunette, 18 years old, 5 feet 2 inches tall, and weigh 114 pounds without the burden of clothes. My girl friends tell me they envy my form. (I don't mean to be conceited.) I promise to answer all those who write me a hot and interesting letter with a letter in kind. I would also like to receive some snaps. (You know what kind.)

Please print this in March Spicy or as soon as possible. With oodles of good wishes,

Yours,  
(Miss) Margaret Wood.

Gen. Delivery, Detroit, Mich.

Dear Editor:

I have been reading "Spicy," "La Patee," and "Gay Parisienne" for almost a year. I've tried before to get a letter printed in one of your mags., but I don't seem to have much luck.

I am 21 years old, 5 feet 11 inches tall, weigh 190 pounds, and have brown hair, and eyes. While not exactly handsome, I've never stopped any clocks. I've been places and done things.

I'd like to write and receive some spicy correspondence from girls between the ages of sixteen and twenty years. Any girls interested are invited to write direct to me, and they will receive a sketch of anything they wish.

Yours for hotter stories, and pictures.

Robert Evans.

care Mrs. E. F. Williamson,  
73 E. 120th Street, New York City.



Dear Editor:

Gosh, I just finished reading the February issue of Spicy. It's the first issue I've ever seen, and I've surely missed just the best magazine of its kind.

If all the issues keep up to this one, I'll be a regular reader of Spicy. I bought my first copy in Des Moines, Iowa, and the trip from home was worth the money it cost, just for Spicy.

Here's one more reader, however, that would like some real nude features of men. It seems your readers agree that that's one thing Spicy needs. Let's have it!

Well, anyhow, it (Spicy) is the best on the market. Let's make it still better in 1933.

Yours for a spicier Spicy,

B. B.

Orange City, Iowa.

# Going Up!

by  
Ralph  
Gordon



**I**N THE ornately decorated and showily furnished lobby of the Regal Arms, a tall apartment structure in the vicinity of Washington Square, the lights flashed on, relieving the gloom of the rapidly gathering dusk.

Standing at attention beside the open door of his elevator, Jimmy McGrath announced: "Going up!" It wasn't necessary, but force of habit made him say it.

Incoming passengers received the smiling greeting:

"Good evening!"

And when Jimmy stepped into the car, released the sliding door, and jammed down the handle of the control switch, five people were ascending with him.

At the fifth floor, an elderly lady disembarked, dispensing a friendly nod. . . . The lift disgorged a portly gentleman at the eighth floor. . . . Two business men got off at the ninth, and, resuming the upward flight, Jimmy's guiding hand slowed the pace appreciably.

Turning to the sole remaining passenger, he observed:

"Nice weather, Mrs. Parker!"

"Fine!" she replied, moving forward. "It's going to be a very wonderful night, moon and stars and everything!"

Her bluish-grey eyes, glistening vivaciously, were strikingly noticeable because of the long, black, curling lashes that framed them, viewed in combination with an olive-cream complexion and the shiny lustre of dark hair massed in waves around the closely fitted turban that she wore.

The belted waist of a tailored coat suggested the mellowness of the charms that might be discovered underneath its soft texture. A crimson silk scarf, carelessly mustered about her neck and tucked into the aperture of the coat, lent a colorful touch to her costume and matched the hue of a moistly red mouth, generously and sensuously full-lipped.

Jimmy glanced at a square, flat card-

board box suspended from two gloved fingers slipped through the twine that tied it.

"You'd never guess what's in there!" she remarked.

"Something from Tony's pastry shop around the corner!" he said.

"Clever boy, especially when you can see the name on the cover!" she retorted. "I meant what *sort* of pastry."

"Apple pie!" said Jimmy.

"How did you guess it?"

"Because apple pie is the first thing that comes to my mind when I think of pastry!" he declared.

"You're fond of it?"

"Mmmmmm! I'll say!" The elevator was moving more slowly than ever.

"I don't know what made me buy an apple pie this evening!" she went on, smiling. "I seldom eat pastries! But when I passed by Tony's just now, I saw several pies in the window, and they looked so good that I got one."

Balancing the box between her fingers, she added: "And I'll never eat a quarter of it!"

"Doesn't Mr. Parker like apple pie?" asked Jimmy.

"Oh, yes, but he is out of town on business, and won't be home for another week!"

Paying more attention to her than to his job, Jimmy came near missing the nineteenth floor. He stopped the car with a jerk of his wrist, and the door slid open.

As she stepped into the corridor, Alice Parker said:

"Would you like a slice, Jimmy?"

"Thanks, Mrs. Parker!" His brown eyes sparkled.

"All right, then, ring my bell when you've got a few minutes spare time."

"At nine o'clock . . ." he started to say.

"Any time this evening!" she interjected, walking away.

Beginning the downward journey, Jimmy muttered to the emptiness of the

elevator:

"She's a swell dame!"

Alice Parker, at that very moment inserting the key in the lock of her apartment, murmured:

"He's *too* good-looking!"

ON THE TABLE in the kitchenette, Alice set down the package and clipped the cord. Then, transferring the pie to a plate, she cut out a slab and put it on a smaller dish, which was thereupon placed on the top shelf of a cupboard.

Studying the remainder of the pie, she smiled. . . . It simply had the appearance of a succulent circle of pastry from which someone had eaten a sizeable segment!

Snapping off the light, she walked into the livingroom, and switched on a floor lamp that shed the rosiest of rosy glows on the furniture and rugs. Satisfying herself that the general effect was what she wanted it to be, snatches of a song lingered on her lips as she entered the bedroom and gave it a similar treatment.

Not until then did she pluck off her hat and start to remove her coat by unbuckling the belt that encircled her waist so jauntily.

Alice had spent the afternoon shopping, and, as usual when her husband was out of the city, she had eaten a light dinner before returning home. Now, therefore, she was interested only in food for the soul!

Removal of her coat revealed a silk crepe dress, which, as it disappeared in turn, exhibited a one-piece foundation garment that performed the triple functions of girdle, brassiere and chemise, all rolled into a single dainty bit of lingerie that affectionately hugged her shapely contours.

Unloosening her garter clasps, one by one, she peeled a cobweb stocking from each rounded thigh and leg, and, grasping the sides of the three-in-one invention that took the place of all other undies, she stripped it from her with a deft motion.

The shaded lamplight would have been flattering to anyone, but even the sun's harsh glare wouldn't have discovered the slightest blemish on her satin smooth skin, and the undulating lines of her figure, dipping here and swollen there, would have delighted the eye of a seeker after beauty.

was a full-length mirror, and Alice gazed at herself with pardonable vanity while she waited for the tub to fill.

The lightness of her grey-blue eyes now seemed astonishing in the lush seductiveness of her deeply brunette coloring elsewhere!

The fragrant warmth of the water fin-



*"S-t-o-p,  
J-i-m-m-y!"*

At the door, she pressed a button, flooding the bathroom with a brilliance that was dazzling against the black-and-white tiling from floor to ceiling.

Into the tub, after turning on the taps and regulating the stream of water to the desired warmth, she sprinkled a liberal rain of perfumed crystals and watched them dissolve.

The inside panel of the bathroom door

ally received her lovely form, and as it lapped caressingly over her contours, the tapering tips of her voluptuous breasts, like purplish-red grapes, appeared larger and more luscious!

Resting her head against a convenient pillow, she stretched in luxurious laxity, and, closing her eyes, an amorous smile dawned on her lips as idle thoughts wandered to Jimmy and apple pie and nine o'clock!



UP AND DOWN, up and down, Jimmy McGrath ran his elevator during the next few hours. His lithe frame, square shoulders and erect back, straight as a ramrod, gave him the natty appearance of the military cadet in his uniform. His thick brown hair had a crisply rolling wave, and, all in all, he was the kind of young man who could easily attract a second look from feminine eyes!

At half-past eight he relieved the operator on the service car, and at nine he was scheduled to take his own thirty-minute period of rest.

He always enjoyed the interim on the service elevator, which was used by maids and other servants usually on the way home at that hour of the evening.

It gave him an opportunity to indulge in wise-cracks and mild flirtations that sometimes led to "dates" that were anything but mild!

There was a little yellow-haired maid on the twelfth floor who had caught his attention lately. She answered to the name of Meg, and she happened to buzz for the elevator just as he was finishing his relief assignment.

"Hello!" he said, as she got on. "Going home?"

"Sure!" was the reply. "About time, too!"

"What's your hurry? You must have a heavy date!"

"Would you like to know?" She smiled coyly at him.

The elevator was going down very, very slowly! . . . He was an old hand at retarding the motion of the car. . . . Leaning back against the control handle, he winked:

"How about a date with me some time?"

She was standing close to him, and the front of her coat bulged as though there was something well worth investigating there.

"What sort of a date?" she murmured, looking down at the floor.

"Do you like to dance?"

"Sure I do!" A swift glance shot upward, and then she averted her gaze. . . . Jimmy's free hand surreptitiously slipped inside the fold of the coat, and he was agreeably surprised at the softness and firm fullness of the warm breasts that came in contact with his fingers. Simultaneously, he whispered:

"I know a swell place to dance! How about Thursday night? It's my night off!"

Quickly, a blush mantled her cheeks. "Now, Jimmy McGrath, you stop your fooling!" She took a step backward, but not by any means out of reach of his fondling hand.

"Is it a date?" he asked.

"Stop! . . . You're fresh!" Her eyes were counting the numbers on the floors as the elevator barely crept downward, and his hand was lost to sight in the voluminous coat.

"You're nice!" he said, grinning.

"S-t-o-p, J-i-m-m-y!"

The admonition was spoken in the tremble of a whispering voice that really meant just the opposite of its literal definition.

"Okay for Thursday?" he pursued.

The car had reached the ground floor at last, and Jimmy had to withdraw his hand in order to operate the lever that opened the door.

Meg smiled, darting a glance out of the corner of a hazel eye.

"I'll think it over!" she said.

Jimmy's grin grew wider. "Aw, come on! . . . Okay?"

Tossing him a giggling laugh, she was disappearing around the bend of the hallway when he heard her say, in a tone that teased:

"Maybe!"

Out of his pocket he pulled a well-thumbed notebook and a stub of a pencil, writing one word: "Meg!"

Stowing away the record of his amative conquests, he relinquished his post to the regular operator and hurried down the

stairs leading to the lavatory.

"Guess I'll wash up a bit before I go after that apple pie!" he muttered. "Hope it's hot! . . . Boy, how I like hot apple pie!"

Lathering his hands, he added: "With cheese, too!"

His wavy hair was so thick that he had a difficult job trying to weave a comb through it, but he finally brushed off his coat and, after an approving look in the mirror, he set out for the Parker apartment.

"Shoot me up to the nineteenth!" he told the boy on duty.

"Whatcha gonna do up there?"

"Who wants to know?" Jimmy's voice was sarcastically sharp.

"I wanna know!"

"Well, tell yourself you don't know!" And as he left the car and walked down the corridor, he flung back an added taunt:

"You haven't got that long nose for nothing!"

He slowed his gait until the elevator door had closed and he was sure that it was well on its way, then he pressed the Parker bell!

ALICE WAS RECLINING on a couch in the living-room, dreamily thinking thoughts that were as flaming as the red silk pajamas that she favored for lounging purposes, when she was startled by the buzz announcing that she had a hungry visitor.

"Come in, Jimmy!" she invited, holding the door ajar. He entered rather sheepishly, and she noticed his self-consciousness. To put him at his ease, she led the way into the kitchenette.

"Here it is, waiting for you!" The pie was on the table, a very husky slice of it, with an appetizing portion of cheese.

"I heated it!" she said. "You like it hot, don't you?"

"Yes, ma'am!" he replied. "That's just how I love it!"

Pulling up a chair, he sat down and wielded a fork with great gusto. "Tony makes spiffy pies, don't he, Mrs. Parker?"

Alice smiled and watched him enjoy each mouthful. She had an appetite that was just as keen as Jimmy's, but what she longed for was far more ethereal than pastry!

"Are you off duty every night at this time?" she asked, just to start a conversation.

"Yes, ma'am! I get a half-hour relief at nine, then I have my regular lunch hour at midnight, and quit at six!"

He was attempting to capture the last crumb on a prong of the fork.

"Help yourself to another piece!" urged Alice.

"Well, if you don't mind. . . ." Jimmy cut a second hunk. "It just touches the spot! . . . But I don't want to eat it all up on you!"

"Go ahead!" she said, laughing. "Didn't you see the wedge that was missing when you came in? . . . That was my share!" She didn't tell him that it still reposed on the top shelf of the closed cupboard!

He paid more attention to the pie than to conversation, and soon his plate was again empty. Pushing back his chair, he exclaimed:

"Gee, that was great! . . . Thanks a lot, Mrs. Parker!"

"Glad you enjoyed it, Jimmy!" she replied. "Now come into the living-room and have a cigarette."

He looked at the clock. "I've got to be getting back on the job in a little while."

Nevertheless, he paused in the living-room, and Alice engineered it so that the chair on which he seated himself faced the couch that she chose to curl up on, in the indirect glow of a shaded lamp.

"Do you like night work, Jimmy?" she began, after she had made herself comfortable as well as attractive.

"It's all right!" he returned. "There

isn't much doing after midnight, and I can take it easy until quitting time!"

"But you can't leave the elevator, can you?" she murmured in a careless tone.

"No, ma'am! I've got to be near the car in case somebody wants service, but I can loaf around in the lobby!"

For the first time, Jimmy commenced

to feel at ease in the presence of the charming lady who had appeased his hunger for apple pie. . . . And in line with the taste he had cultivated for pastry, he had also acquired a distinct liking for "pretty dames." . . . That was the term he used!



*He didn't know it was a premeditated accident, but she seemed to bump against the edge of the couch, lose her balance and fall, dragging him down with her!*

Smoking his cigarette, he saw many things that his glance returned to feast upon again and again . . . the line of hip and thigh, clearly evidenced by Alice's pajama . . . a rounded bare arm, the loose sleeve exhibiting it as she puffed her own cigarette . . . a sloping shoulder, also bare, the jacket having slipped . . . and last, but not least attractive, one peeping breast that looked to be more than a mere handful, its mate entirely covered but softly apparent!

Jimmy tried not to stare, but he managed to get an eyeful of the delicious combination! And when the clock struck nine-thirty, he got up very reluctantly from his chair.

"I've gotta be going, Mrs. Parker!" he said.

As she moved to arise from the couch, Jimmy couldn't help but stare at that moment! . . . The peeping breast, for a delightful instant, became totally visible before the displaced pajama jacket concealed it once more!

At the door, Alice made a suggestion:

"You say that midnight is your lunch hour?"

"Yes, ma'am!"

"How would you like a couple of cold chicken sandwiches and the rest of that apple pie for dessert with a cup of coffee?"

"Aw, gee, Mrs. Parker!" He shifted from one foot to the other. "That'd be a lot of trouble!"

"Not at all!" she murmured. "I'll expect you!"

"Thanks!" he blurted out, backing away.

Alice gently closed the door and leaned against it, smiling!

AT MIDNIGHT, Jimmy was washing his hands.

"Pretty soft for me!" he muttered, thinking of the repast that awaited him on the nineteenth floor.

He was forcing a comb through his re-

bellious hair when the buddy with whom he usually lunched in a nearby cafeteria came in.

"Whatcha dolling up for?" his friend inquired.

"Can't go with you tonight! I've gotta date!"

"Oh, yeah? Who've you dated up?"

Jimmy slowly turned his head. "Another nosey guy!" A whisk broom was traveling over his spotless uniform.

"See you later, boy!"

His pal guffawed, calling to Jimmy's retreating back: "Tell her about me, will ya?"

"Huh!" snorted Jimmy.

He was slickly polished and all smiles when Alice Parker opened her door for him. . . . The first sound that greeted his ears, melodiously attuned to the strains of dance music, was the plaintive but hushed volume of a radio in the livingroom.

Chicken sandwiches, pie and coffee were set out for him in the kitchenette, and, while he ate ravenously, his eyes sought to take in all there was to be seen of his lovely hostess, because he determined not to miss a thing!

Pajamas had been replaced by the prettiest negligee that Jimmy had ever visioned, and the front of it had a habit of opening and closing in the most tantalizing fashion possible!

His tummy was full, and so were his eyes and mind, when he drank the last drop of coffee and got to his feet.

"That tasted wonderful!" he said. Alice merely flashed him a smile as she preceded him into the living-room where the radio was giving forth, the moan of saxophones predominating.

"You dance, don't you, Jimmy?"

"Yes, ma'am! I'm crazy about it!"

"So am I!" she laughed. "Shall we try it?"

Jimmy placed his arm around her very timidly at first, but the clinging way in which she abandoned herself to his em-

*(Please turn to Page 60)*

# The Spice of Life

¶ A pessimist is a man who wears a good pair of braces and carries a bit of string in his pocket in case.

¶ Towns are seldom as red as they are painted.

¶ The man who used to live from hand to mouth now has a son who lives from gas station to gas station.

¶ Scotchmen never smoke cigarettes when they have gloves on—they hate the smell of burning leather.

¶ Getting a giddy husband to mend his ways is about as hard as getting a giddy wife to mend your clothes.

¶ The brain is a wonderful organ—it starts working the moment you wake up in the morning and doesn't stop until you get to the office.

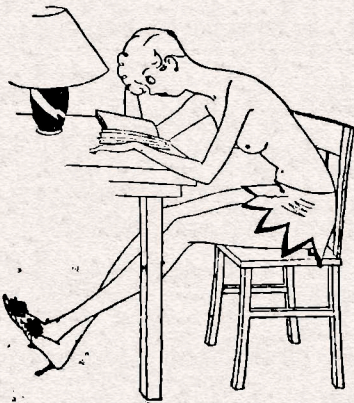


¶ The difference between a necessity and a luxury is that you can do without a necessity without losing the respect of the neighbors.

¶ A doctor declares that kissing shortens life—we reckon he means single life!

¶ A woman went on a professional hunger strike and twenty Scotchmen proposed to her.

¶ People who show good form should live in glass houses and, we might add, bathe in glass bathtubs.



# “Wild Flower!”

BY

Carl Webster

IT WASN'T THE BEAUTY of the landscape that caused Clara Saxton to gaze through the window with such a soulful expression in her clear brown eyes. The cluttered desk and the keys of her typewriter were temporarily forgotten, and the Hollywood sunshine had nothing to do with her state of mind.

Clara was simply having another heart attack! Her trouble was not the kind that the doctors worry about after applying a stethoscope to that region of the torso. Her heart *was* fluttering like a bird in a cage, and there *was* a distinct murmur, but neither of these physical symptoms meant that her health was in danger.

Not at all! The real reason happened to be that Clara was in love again!

She had a husband . . . in fact, she had possessed no less than *three* husbands in her young life . . . and the present one was youthful and good-looking and attentive! Less than a year had elapsed since she had slipped his wedding ring on her finger!

But falling in and out of love was the easiest thing in this world for Clara, and her amorous affectations weren't confined to her own husband or to any one man by any means!

She occupied the position of private secretary to Bruce Harlan, casting director for Venus Productions, Inc., and one afternoon she suddenly found herself smitten with an intensely passionate desire for his kisses! This longing had seized her after she had been his secretary for many months.

Clara couldn't have explained in any logical fashion whence the swift desires came, or whither they went! All she knew was that they *did* occur, somehow or

other, at the most unexpected moments!

Each separate attack seemed to fade away after she had taken the *only* effective remedy, which was a compound of kisses and caresses in generous doses day and night until relieved. . . . But, if there was any delay in the administration of this sweetly cloying prescription, Clara writhed mentally and physically!

Her amative seizures were comparable to acute indigestion, with the only difference that the pain was in her soul instead of in her diaphragm!

At the moment that we saw her gazing out of the window with a look that signified a deep emotional disturbance, she was trying to compose herself, after seeing Bruce Harlan walk past her desk on his way to his personal office adjoining hers.

Three days had gone by since she had first sensed the thrilling pins-and-needles feeling that presaged the onslaught of "desiritis." That is what scientists might have named it!

Bruce had evidently noticed nothing unusual about her, even though she had given him plenty of opportunity. On the first day of her amorous awakening toward him, when he summoned her to take dictation, she had avoided sitting in her accustomed chair by his desk, and, instead, had taken a seat on the couch in his office.

This position afforded an uninterrupted view of her trimly rounded figure, suggested rather obviously by the close-fitting knitted dress she wore. Crossing her legs, she balanced her little notebook on an attractive knee, poised her pencil and waited for the results which might reasonably have been expected.

Nothing happened! Bruce dictated letters and memoranda in the ordinary way, and ended with the perfunctory dismissal always worded in the same way:

"That'll be all, Miss Saxton, just now!"

On the second day she had tried an insidious perfume, the most haunting essence she could find in a tour of the shops, and she made it a point to stand as close to him as she dared while delivering a message or announcing a caller. But Bruce hadn't gone into any sort of pas-

sionate paroxysm, and there were no cave-man tactics!

Here it was the afternoon of the third day, and the fire in Clara's heart and soul blazed unabated! . . . Something *had* to be done about it, and quickly, too, otherwise . . . !

The buzzer made her jump excitedly. . . . It was Bruce calling, to give her some more dictation or issue instructions or do any one of a dozen other things, all of which was very far afield from the *one* thing that Clara wanted him to do . . . love-making!

She grabbed her notebook and pencils and hurried into the calm sanctity of his office, carefully shutting the door behind her.



*Bruce was trying to be delicate in this discussion of beauty unadorned.*

Bruce was sitting behind his desk with a perplexed frown on his handsome, sun-tanned face, staring at a few photographs in his hand and strumming on them with the tips of his fingers.

Clara walked boldly up to him and stood leaning gently on the arm of his chair. . . . She couldn't get any nearer without actually sitting on his lap, and it was with considerable difficulty that she refrained from doing so!

"I've got a job for you!" said Bruce.

"What is it?" asked Clara. . . . Then she caught her breath as she glanced at the photographs.

They were three snapshots of a girl in as many different poses, absolutely nude except for a hula-hula grass skirt around her hips. She was a typical product of the South Sea Isles, brown skin, black hair, dark eyes, sensuous mouth, and a figure that was the acme of full-blown voluptuousness!

Bruce handed them to Clara, remarking:

"Where in Hollywood do *you* think I'll ever find her double?"

Clara moved around the desk and seated herself opposite him, studying the pictures. . . . She could feel a hot blush creeping up her back, and her heartbeats speeding noticeably.

"You could find one in Honolulu!" she murmured facetiously.

Bruce snorted. "I'm not talking about Honolulu! I said in Hollywood!"

He lit a cigarette, swung around in his chair, flipped the match into a wastebasket irritably, and wheeled to face her once more.

"That's your job!" he said. "Find her for me!"

Clara smiled warmly. "You might explain a bit! . . . What is the reason? . . . Venus Productions can't be planning a feature with a star dressed, or, rather, *undressed*, like that!"

Bruce laughed. "My dear girl, they're not only planning one, but it is half com-

plete already! . . . The story is laid in the tropics, and they've been shooting scenes in a palm-fringed island for the past three months. . . . The rest of the picture will be made in the studio here, interiors and so forth."

"Well, why not bring the dusky damsel to Hollywood?" asked Clara, helping herself to a cigarette.

"That's the rub!" replied Bruce. "She refuses to leave her island home. . . . We received a wireless message from the director this morning. . . . The company is on its way back, and he wants me to dig up her double and have her ready to start work as soon as they land, one week from today!"

Clara scrutinized the pictures again. "I have a suggestion!" she murmured. "Get a flashy brunette . . . one of those Mexican girls might do . . . Hollywood is full of them. . . . Then use the proper shade of brown paint on her skin, touch up her mouth and nose and eyelashes to correspond with this girl's characteristics.

"Thanks!" Bruce interrupted, sarcastically. "You're a great help! I happen to know something about those tricks you mention, and so does everybody else in the studio!"

He picked up a cigar, bit off the end savagely, and threw it down on his desk.

"But tell me this!" he exploded. "Where am I going to find a duplicate of that girl's *figure*? . . . Take a good look at it, then tell me . . . if you can!"

Clara hadn't viewed the problem from exactly that angle up to that moment. . . . Now she spread the photographs before her.

The gorgeous shapeliness of this human wild flower, who declined to move from her tropical habitat, was startling in its entrancing beauty of line and contour, and the utter innocence with which she displayed her luscious charms made Clara smile wistfully.

"Oh, I don't know!" she said, thoughtfully. "There are a lot of good figures



in Hollywood. . . . Why do you get so excited about this coral island baby? . . . I'll admit she has an extraordinary form, all right, but there *are* others!"

Bruce reclaimed the discarded cigar, lit it and blew out a flock of smoke rings.

"I don't want to go into *too* many details," he said, slowly. "You might misunderstand me! But there is a certain section of that girl's undraped torso that is too magnificent to be really natural! . . . You know what I mean, of course!"



Turning to the mirror she studied her high-chested loveliness.

He paused to flick the ashes from his cigar.

Clara kept her eyes glued to the photographs. . . . Her pulse was racing madly. . . . Bruce was trying to be delicate in this discussion of beauty unadorned. . . . She wished that he would call things by their right names, instead of beating around the bush. . . . She would then get a chance to lead the conversation into more personal channels, which was a consummation for which her heart was aching!

Actually, Clara's glance had been focused upon the glorious breasts of the alluring creature ever since she had first glimpsed the snapshots. . . . They were as round as a tropical full moon, and were nearly as large!

Jutting forth from her torso, amazingly high and firmly poised without the slightest tendency to droop, each marvelous breast was tipped with what seemed to be a juicy strawberry, imbedded in a circular nest which Clara judged to be the color of claret wine!

"And I'm supposed to find her double!" Bruce ejaculated. "It's impossible! There's nobody like that in Hollywood!"

"Are you positive?" murmured Clara, sweetly.

Bruce took several puffs of his cigar. "I've never met up with anything that even approaches *that*!"

Then he added argumentatively: "And neither have you!"

"Oh, haven't I?" whispered Clara.

"I'll bet you couldn't produce her!"

"Oh, *couldn't* I?" Clara whispered again, in the same teasing tone of voice, smiling wisely.

The telephone on Bruce's desk rang suddenly. . . . He answered it, then he arose. "I've got to go to a rush screening. Take those photographs and telephone around to all the agencies. Do the best you can, and let me know tomorrow morning."

Out of the door he strode.

"Darn those screenings!" Clara muttered, lighting another one of Bruce's cigarettes. "They cramp my style! . . . This little talk was getting very interesting."

Walking back to her own desk, with the snapshots clutched very tightly in the palm of her hand, she stood staring out of the window for several minutes. . . . The Hollywood scene faded, and in its place she could imagine a tropic isle, waving palms, cocoanut trees, ferns and flowers, and white-crested combers creaking upon a silvery beach in the moonlight!

THAT EVENING, curled up in the depths of a huge armchair in her apartment, Clara perused the photographs of the South Seas charmer for the 'steenth time!

Her husband was not at home. He had phoned that he had a very important business engagement downtown, and would be late. Clara was satisfied . . . in fact, she was pleased!

She preferred to be alone for a while with her thoughts and her plans for the morrow!

Bruce had instructed her to get in touch with all theatrical agencies, but she had done nothing of the sort. . . . Another way in which to solve the problem had occurred to her, and it was a piquant solution.

Going into her bedroom, Clara stacked the photographs along the bottom rim of the bureau mirror, and quickly undressed. . . . Soon she stood in nothing but knitted silk "briefs" and a lace meshed brassiere. . . . The former molded her flowing hips into contours that were lasciviously appealing, and the latter . . . !

The latter garment, or, rather, what it contained, gave a clue to Clara's thoughts. Thumb and forefinger displaced it, and then the full-fleshed treasures, seemingly overjoyed at their escape from the close confinement of the tightly drawn bit of lingerie, gushed out in all their glory!

Clara's figure was attractive in any gown she wore, but nobody would have

suspected, when she was dressed, that underneath there existed such wonderful attributes!

The brassiere was responsible for the camouflage. She didn't believe in advertising to the world that she was "sexy" beyond all compare! She held her beauties in restraint, and released them only for the delectation of those who were the cause of her constantly recurring attacks of "heart trouble."

Turning to the mirror, she studied her high-chested loveliness, passing her hands over the firm, springy globes, and smiling with keen appreciation of their sculptured excellence.

Glancing to the photographs and back again to her own form, she noted that the tropical moons so faithfully portrayed by the camera were almost exactly duplicated, even to the strawberry-like nipples in their nests of wine-tinted circles!

Thinking about Bruce Harlan's comments, she laughed. "There *is* somebody like that in Hollywood! . . . And I *can* produce her! . . . It's probably true that he has never seen anything like it, but he's going to see! . . . Leave it to me!"

Opening a drawer, she took out mascara and lipstick and sun-tan powder. . . . The eyelashes were easy. . . . Skillful manipulation of the lipstick made it also a simple matter to copy the sensuous mouth. Her nose was small and markedly resembled that feature in the picture. Comb and brush, briskly active, made her hair just as bushy and curly.

"It's dark enough!" she murmured.

Spreading the sun-tan powder on her cheeks and neck, she put a liberal quantity all over her bosom.

Then she gazed critically at her reflection. "That'll pass!" she decided. "Anyway, a few days in the sunshine on the beach would turn me into a brown-skinned ensemble that couldn't be beaten even in Hawaii!"

Concentrating her eyes upon the most important and by far the most prominent

details, she giggled as her fingers went over the bulging contours caressingly. . . . Such breasts *were* rarities!

"These are absolutely perfect!" she whispered.

The crimson berries in each center were

"What I could do to somebody I know *right now!*" She closed her eyes and squirmed on the divan. "It'd be scandalous!"

The music ceased. . . . The announcer spoke. . . . "When the gong strikes, the

*Bruce laughed triumphantly, "Any stage experience?"*



now becoming amorously hard. . . . Twiddling fingertips made them harder yet!

Clara sighed and turned away from the mirror.

"Tomorrow, Bruce Harlan, *you'll be surprised!*"

Without bothering to take off the exaggerated make-up, and not even stopping to throw a negligee over her nudity, she strolled into the living room, lighted a cigarette and plunked herself down in the cushions of a wide divan which was no stranger to her unclothed and warmly flushed form.

A midget radio stood on an end table within reach of her hand. She twisted the dials, and listened to the dance music from one of the night clubs.

time will be exactly one minute past midnight, Pacific Standard Time!"

Clara hopped up. "I'd better get rid of this make-up before my darling hubby comes marching home! He'll think I've gone crazy, for sure!"

In the bedroom, she gathered up the photographs, and subjected them to more close scrutiny.

"Some baby!" she whispered. "I'd like to see you do the hula-hula dance. . . . Maybe you *have* got a wicked wiggle, but I can duplicate that, too!"

THE NEXT MORNING, bright and early, Clara was at the office, brimming with excitement. Bruce had not yet arrived,

Rummaging through his desk, she discovered quite a stack of still photographs of the duskily voluptuous maiden who liked her tropic island home too much to forsake it for Hollywood.

Sitting in Bruce's chair, Clara spent the next few minutes in a thrilling visual feast. . . . The camera had caught the native beauty in every conceivable kind of pose, including dozens of occasions when she was off guard and didn't know that the lenses were snapping extremely unconventional and intriguing postures!

It was evident to Clara that a grass skirt on a breezy day was likely to reveal more than it concealed! Several pictures were taken while the dark-haired girl was squatting on her haunches in typical comfort, with her legs and feet crossed under her thighs, and knees spread far apart.

Clara looked intently at these snapshots, and smiled.

"There's *nothing* about this young lady that I can't duplicate!" she exclaimed. "It's positively amazing!"

Cramping the pictures back into the drawer from which she had taken them, she started to open Bruce Harlan's mail like any other efficient secretary, so that it would be ready for his attention when he came in.

She was still slitting envelopes as he appeared.

"Good morning!" Her smile was very happy.

"Nice day, isn't it?" he replied.

After reading a few telegrams, he pushed the mail aside. The prospect of

finding a double for the South Seas star was apparently dubious in his mind.

"Any luck with the agencies?" he asked, in a tone of voice that indicated he expected a negative answer.

"Lots of luck!" Clara murmured, to his surprise.

"You aren't joking?" He leaned forward in his chair.

"No, indeed!"

Tapping on the surface of the desk with a pencil, she added: "But it wasn't necessary to canvass the agencies!"

He grinned incredulously. "You know somebody with a figure like *this*?" He had picked up a photograph, but now he let it fall from his fingers carelessly.

"Yes!" Her eyes were twinkling merrily.

"A friend of yours?"

"I know her as intimately as I know myself!"

Bruce laughed triumphantly, rising and walking around the desk. "Any stage experience?"

"What difference does that make?" she asked evasively. "This girl is a natural born star in a picture that needs what she has!"

"Splendid!" said Bruce. "Where is she?"

"Right here!"

The dress that Clara had selected that morning had a hidden vent down the entire front, fastened by an invisible pin. . . . It took only a moment to spread it open to her waist. . . . There was nothing underneath, not even a brassiere!

Bruce was astounded! . . . Clara moved closer to him.

"Satisfied?" she whispered.

"Ideal!" he muttered, almost speechless with fascination.

A faint fragrance, warm and vital and captivating, emanated from her as she gripped the desk to steady herself. . . . The throbbing of her heart made her gasp!

(Please turn to Page 60)



# The Temple of Venus

BY

FRANK KENNETH YOUNG

**D**ART MOORE snapped his fingers, swore lustily and mopped his perspiring brow. He had chased a ravishingly beautiful woman four blocks only to be given the slip at the end of the chase. She surely had meant to encourage him, or she wouldn't have smiled and winked at him there in the subway. Yet when he had followed her in hot haste, it had been only to lose her again.

He had caught up with the taxi in which she had fled and found it empty, its recent female passenger mysteriously gone. No wonder he was provoked!

The chauffeur of the forward taxi gazed at him and grinned. "Are you the party who was chasin' that swell dame?" he asked.

"Yeah," answered Dart shortly. "Where'n hell did she go?"

"Search me!" replied the driver. "Simply opened the door and ducked! But she asked me to give you this!"—and he proffered a square, white envelope.

"Thanks!" stammered Dart, accepting the missive and nodding to the driver.

"Okay, pal." The chauffeur shifted gears and drove rapidly away.

Dart remained staring at the square, white envelope. He saw that it bore no address or other inscription. But its scent was unmistakably feminine. He tore it open and withdrew a white card on which was engraved a message. He read:

"YOU! . . . are invited . . . because . . .  
You saw, and seeing, coveted!  
You desired, and desiring, attempted!  
You tried, and trying, failed . . . as  
all must fail who possess not this  
card, or know not the password,  
which is —

'VANDA!'

"YOU! . . . are invited . . . because . . .  
It is written, and being written, must  
be fulfilled!

You are destined, and being destined,  
must meet your fate!

You are YOU, and I am VANDA . . .  
as you will discover when we have  
met! . . .

COME! . . . 145 East Cherwood Ave-  
nue, tonight, at nine! . . . "

Dart studied the thing until his brows drew together and ruined the expression of his ordinarily good-looking face. Then he grunted his perplexity and muttered: "Well, I'll be damned!"

Carefully placing the card and envelope in an inside pocket of his coat, he hurried away down the street. . . .

AT TEN MINUTES of nine, that evening, he ascended the steps of a dark, somber-appearing residence at 145 East Cherwood, and rang the bell. He had definitely decided to solve the mystery of the strangely-worded invitation; to discover, if possible, the beautiful woman he had seen in the subway.

There were no lights in the windows of the house, and no cars parked at the curb. From its outer appearance to the contrary, it might have been untenanted.

But as Dart waited for his summons to be answered, he thought he heard sounds of life inside, nor was he mistaken. For abruptly the door was opened and a man who might have been the butler, peered cautiously out.

"Good evening!" said Dart politely. "Is the lady of the house at home?"

"Your business, sir!" said the butler, coldly.

"Oh yes, to be sure!" Dart fished in

a pocket and withdrew the square, white envelope. He handed it to the butler who accepted it, examined its contents, and promptly handed it back.

"Any particular word, sir?" he asked respectfully.

"Yes—VANDA!" said Dart promptly.

"Very good, sir. Will you come in?"

Dart followed the man into the house and heard the door close behind him. He was wondering what manner of house he had been admitted into, for the hallway was almost totally dark.

"Just follow me, sir." The butler moved to a door at the end of the hall, then rapped.

The door was opened by a woman—not the one Dart had chased in the taxi, but a slightly older woman—one good to look upon. She was attired from neck to heels in a long, white robe. She gazed inquiringly.

"A guest, ma'am!" announced the butler, indicating Dart.

"Credentials all right?"

"Quite!"

She turned to Dart, smiling in friendly manner. "Come with me," she said. "Some of the guests have already arrived."

She stepped forward, long robe gathered up in one hand and drawn snugly about her curving hips and thighs. She moved swiftly to the stairway, and Dart followed.

As they ascended, the lady slightly in the lead, Dart could not help observing the beauty of her swelling calves, the graceful movements of her legs as she climbed. He was thrilled by the rhythmic swaying of her plump seat.

At the head of the stairs they paused, and the woman turned to face him.

"Since you are a guest and this is your first night here," she said, "you need not take part in the ceremonies. Just go in and sit down, watch the rest and enjoy yourself."

"Thanks," he said. "But what's the

idea? Is somebody throwing a party?"

"Just the regular weekly meeting," she replied, smiling inscrutably. "Follow instructions and you'll discover."

She opened a thick, heavy door at one side of the hall, and pushed Dart gently into the room beyond. He heard the door close behind him and knew that she had retired.

He experienced difficulty, at first, in accustoming his eyes to the light of the interior; but he received the impression that he was in an extraordinarily large chamber. The air was heavy with the odors of incense and cigarette smoke. Glancing swiftly about him, he was amazed at what he saw.

The room was lighted by two crimson globes which diffused their colorful radiance from a point about two-thirds of the distance toward the opposite wall. Beyond them loomed a huge armchair, eccentrically-carved and bizarrely decorated. It was standing upon a dais, and behind it the wall was hung with heavy, velvet drapes.

All had the appearance of a small theatre, the crimson floor lamps being the footlights, the dais representing the stage. Dart wondered if he were about to witness some startling exhibition.

Then the confused murmur of many voices claimed his attention and served to impress upon him the fact that he was not alone. Perhaps two dozen people of both sexes were lounging about the room.

Some were reclining upon long, low divans; some upon stuffed floor pillows; still others were sitting cross-legged upon rugs. All were gowned in long, white robes such as the one Dart had seen on the lady who brought him upstairs. There was an air of relaxation over all. Some of the couples were frankly petting and making love; others were merely engaged in conversation.

Feeling slightly ill at ease and fearful of appearing conspicuous, Dart sought a cushion in a corner and sat down. A few





persons favored him with curious glances, then gave him no further attention. He wondered vaguely if he had stumbled into a chapter from *The Arabian Nights Entertainment*, and when the magician would appear to turn him into a goat!

The crimson light cast strange shadows upon the faces of the guests, giving them a slightly satanic appearance, and enhancing the weirdness of the scene.

Then from somewhere behind the velvet draperies came a dull, hollow booming sound, as if someone had lightly struck a brass gong. As the vibrations smote upon the incense-filled air, the lounging and petting couples came to attention, and all conversation ceased. There was a moment of tense, mysterious silence.

Then the draperies parted and two young women appeared.

They were most briefly attired in brassiere-like jackets and scanty panties, and gave the impression that they might easily have been page girls in some ancient Old World court. The crimson light of the floor lamps caused their bare flesh to glow with a soft, pink lustre. They looked so nearly alike they might have passed as twins.

Advancing almost to the lights, they salaamed and spoke, their movements and utterances timed in unison:

"Welcome, Worshippers Of Love and Life! We welcome you in the name of VANDA, Exalted High Priestess of The Temple Of Venus!"

Again they salaamed, then retreated, moving backwards, to positions close to the velvet draperies, where they stopped and stood as motionless as statues.

Again the dull, hollow booming of the gong, and the twins cried out in unison: "Kneel, Worshippers of Love and Life! Bow before VANDA, Exalted High Priestess of The Temple Of Venus!"

All of the people in the room, with the exception of Dart, flopped to their knees and bowed until their heads were almost

touching the floor. Their voices murmured "Vanda, Vanda!" and the murmur became a chant. They repeated the name over and over as if saying a mass.

The gong sounded a third time; the chanting ceased. The bowed heads were raised, as the curtains were parted. And through the opening, into the hushed room, stepped VANDA!

Dart gasped as he recognized her as the woman from whom he had received the card of invitation!

She stood very tall and regally erect there in the crimson light. She appeared the most magnificent creature Dart had ever seen. Her hair was like tousled midnight; her large, dark eyes flashed and glowed like mammoth jewels; her full, red lips were set in serious lines; her head was proudly poised. Her body was completely covered and concealed by a long, velvet robe as crimson as the lights that burned at her feet.

Stepping close to the lights so that they illumined her from heels to head, she reached through an opening in the robe and raised one lovely, bare arm, commanding attention.

"Subjects and devotees," she said in low, thrilling tones, "Your Priestess is with you!"

"VANDA! VANDA!" they chanted, falling on their faces again.

"We are met, as is our custom," she continued, "to follow the tenets of our creed! To forsake false modesty, abjure prudery in all its forms, break the bonds of restraint, cleanse our souls of conventionality, pursue our natural impulses, enjoy true happiness and know real soul harmony! I am your Priestess, chosen representative of The Temple of Venus. Confess your desires and they shall be satisfied! Describe your longings and they shall be fulfilled! I have the power to make all your dreams come true!"

"VANDA! VANDA!" they chanted.

"Tell me, where do we find rhythm, rapture and rare delights?" she demand-

ed, gazing out over the heads of her worshippers.

"In Life!" answered several voices.

"And what is Life?"

"LOVE!" they all shouted.

"Then let us LIVE and LOVE!" she cried, flinging out both arms in a dramatic gesture. "Let us, men and women, know pleasure, laughter, ecstasy! The Temple of Venus sanctions all! I, its High Priestess, command that you be free souls!"

Suddenly she stopped speaking and moving backward to the throne-like chair, seated herself upon it. The two page girls moved forward to positions beside the chair and a trifle in the rear.

From somewhere backstage, unseen musicians struck up a soft, low oriental melody timed by the barbaric beat of a nautch drum.

One by one, the worshippers rose from their knees and started moving aimlessly about the room, shuffling here and there, their feet and bodies keeping time to the rhythmic beat of the drum. Presently, all had risen and were swaying to the weird music, following eccentric paths of their own devising, executing impromptu dance steps as they swayed.

The rhythm grew faster and the music hotter, and as the tempo increased, the movements of the dancers grew wilder and more abandoned. The atmosphere of the room became charged with passionate feeling; the dancers became passionately excited. And over all, the crimson floor lamps cast their red glow, lending to the scene a Mephistophelian aspect.

Suddenly, the gong sounded, Dart transferred his gaze to the stage and saw Vanda rise and step forward. With a proud sweep of one lovely, bare arm, she divested herself of the scarlet robe and emerged exposed for all to see. And she was as nude as a pagan goddess, as fascinating in her beauty as a woodland siren!

"VANDA! VANDA!" chanted the mob. "Giver of Life and Love!"

"Vanda gives you the right to enjoy freedom and expression!" she cried above the babble of voices. "Partake and LIVE!"

As if her revelation had been the signal for all worshippers to follow her daring example, a lovely young woman suddenly stepped out of her robe attired only in scanties, and several others followed suit. Within a very few minutes, all of the long white robes had been discarded. And the beat of the drum continued; the music wailed and quivered. . . .

Dart felt a touch upon his shoulder and turning, found the woman he had first met standing beside him.

"Come!" she said. "Vanda will see you now!"

Dart had already seen Vanda retrieve and don her scarlet robe, then disappear behind the draperies. So, rising, he followed the woman from the room.

She escorted him to what appeared to be Vanda's dressing chamber, opened the door and motioned him to enter.

"The guest, Your Highness!" she said, making a low obeisance. Then she withdrew.

Vanda was seated before a small dressing table. She glanced at Dart, then rose and remained standing. Her large, dark eyes were turned full upon him as if she were mentally appraising him, and trying to discover what impression the evening's events had made on him.

"Well," she said at last, "you saw me in the subway and gave chase. You must have admired and wanted me. I merely gave you an opportunity to meet me and make my better acquaintance. You have come, you have seen and heard. You must have formed some opinion of me. What is it? Am I still desirable in your eyes?"

"You are beautiful!" said Dart slowly. "You are fascinating and—dangerous! But you are also intelligent! I'm sure you don't believe the twaddle I heard you spout in the other room."



The woman chuckled as if vastly amused. "You're quite right," she admitted. "Only damned fools would believe that stuff!"

"It's the bunk, eh?"

"Sure! A disguise to cloak the real purpose back of all this! Those nitwits out there want a place where they may assemble and exercise their misguided passions. Even they don't believe in the cult. But they favor the general atmosphere and hocus-pocus because of its—er stimulating effect."

"And in reality—?" he pursued.

"Why, it's a racket, nothing more. Members pay me a round sum for each meeting, and I put on my High Priestess act in order to collect. They pay, and are willing to pay, for such enjoyment as they get out of it, and everybody's happy!"

"I get you!" he grinned.

"Care to join us? I was hoping you would! That's why I invited you here tonight."

"Thanks," he said briefly. "But if you had been wise, you'd have picked somebody else!"

"Why, what do you mean?" she asked suspiciously.

"I dislike to spill a lot of bad news, just as we're getting so nicely acquainted, but—" He turned back the lapel of his coat and displayed a neat, little gold-plated badge!

"The devil!" she gasped. "Head-quarters?"

Dart nodded. "I'm the Special detailed to cover this case."

She dropped weakly into a chair, as if the news had suddenly taken the strength from her legs.

"We were tipped off some time ago that somebody was working a Love Cult

racket," he explained. "But we didn't know the woman, nor the location of her joint. You and your printed invitation led me to the very place I've been searching for. It was luck and nothing else."

"Luck!" she repeated bitterly. "Hellish luck, I'll say!"

"It looks bad for you," admitted Dart. "I have enough evidence right now to swing the case. Of course, I've made no report of the facts as yet, and I'm the only Dick who knows them. If I were to forget what I've seen and heard here tonight—" He paused significantly.

She glanced up quickly, her beautiful face alight with sudden interest. "What per cent of the take do you want?" she asked. "I'm willing to give you a fancy cut, providing you permit me to continue operations. What's your price?"

"I'm afraid money won't work in this instance," Dart said slowly. "Since meeting you, the matter has become a personal affair. Nothing but a High Priestess will satisfy me now!"

"Oooh!" she said slowly. "I—see!" She appeared to consider. "Well," she said at last, "supposing? Would you allow me to continue, afterwards?"

"Yes," he promised. "Providing you agreed to share a little apartment with me now and then."

The woman's cheeks flushed faintly; her eyes glowed. "Okay, copper!" she said lightly. "I guess you win!"

Rising, she made a sweeping movement with one lovely arm, and permitted the crimson robe to slip slowly to the floor!

"My per cent of the take!" murmured Dart happily, as he gathered her into his arms.

He didn't flash his badge again. . . . It was only a fraternity emblem anyhow! . . .





# “Apple Polishing”

BY

S. A. MYLNE

JOAN PAUSED inside the classroom door to examine the grading list for the class in Social Problems. Her name trailed all the rest, excepting one who was a fellow who hadn't been to class all semester nor taken any of the examinations. The final examination was three days off and she had to pass the course to graduate. If she wrote an "A" examination she might get a passing grade, but the instructor himself couldn't read those three books in two days and pass a four-hour examination on them.

Joan took a seat in the front row. Little furrows of vexation lay upon her brow. Why hadn't she worried about this course sooner? How could she possibly pass it now? She wouldn't graduate and her family wanted to go to Europe in the fall.

The instructor entered the room with brief case and books. He was too handsome to be a college professor. But then there was a certain emphatic sobriety about him that bespoke of much research in the problems of society. Joan often wondered how much he would be bothered by such things if he were placed in a group that didn't know he was a college professor. He was so good looking,—without his reading glasses.

Prof. Briggs (he wasn't officially a professor yet, but was flatteringly given this title by his students, who, however, gave him the not so flattering sobriquet of Peter outside the classroom) emptied his brief case of a profundity of notes, rested his elbows on the desk, and looked at his class. That is, he looked at Joan.

Blonde wavy hair that no bottle of peroxide could make blonder, cut not quite to the slender curves of her shoulders and

descending behind shapely little ears, large blue eyes with long lashes, delicate and straight little nose, and rounded red lips that undoubtedly inflamed even Prof. Briggs with the desire to press a kiss thereon, were enough to make anyone stand up and gawk.

The skirt of her silken frock failed to shelter from view two lovely rounded knees that accentuated the graceful curves of lissom calves.

With a sudden jerk of the head, Prof. Briggs came out of his trance.

"Ah—we shall review today the methods of control of—a—communicable diseases," he began.

Then he began to discuss the child-labor problem, interspersing little bits concerning the present rate of immigration and the government ownership of railroads. Every time he allowed his eyes to fall on Joan's legs a new social problem occurred to him.

All of which was the father of an idea in Joan's fertile little brain. Could not she, with the aid of feminine wile and curve, do a little "apple polishing" with Prof. Briggs and pass the course?

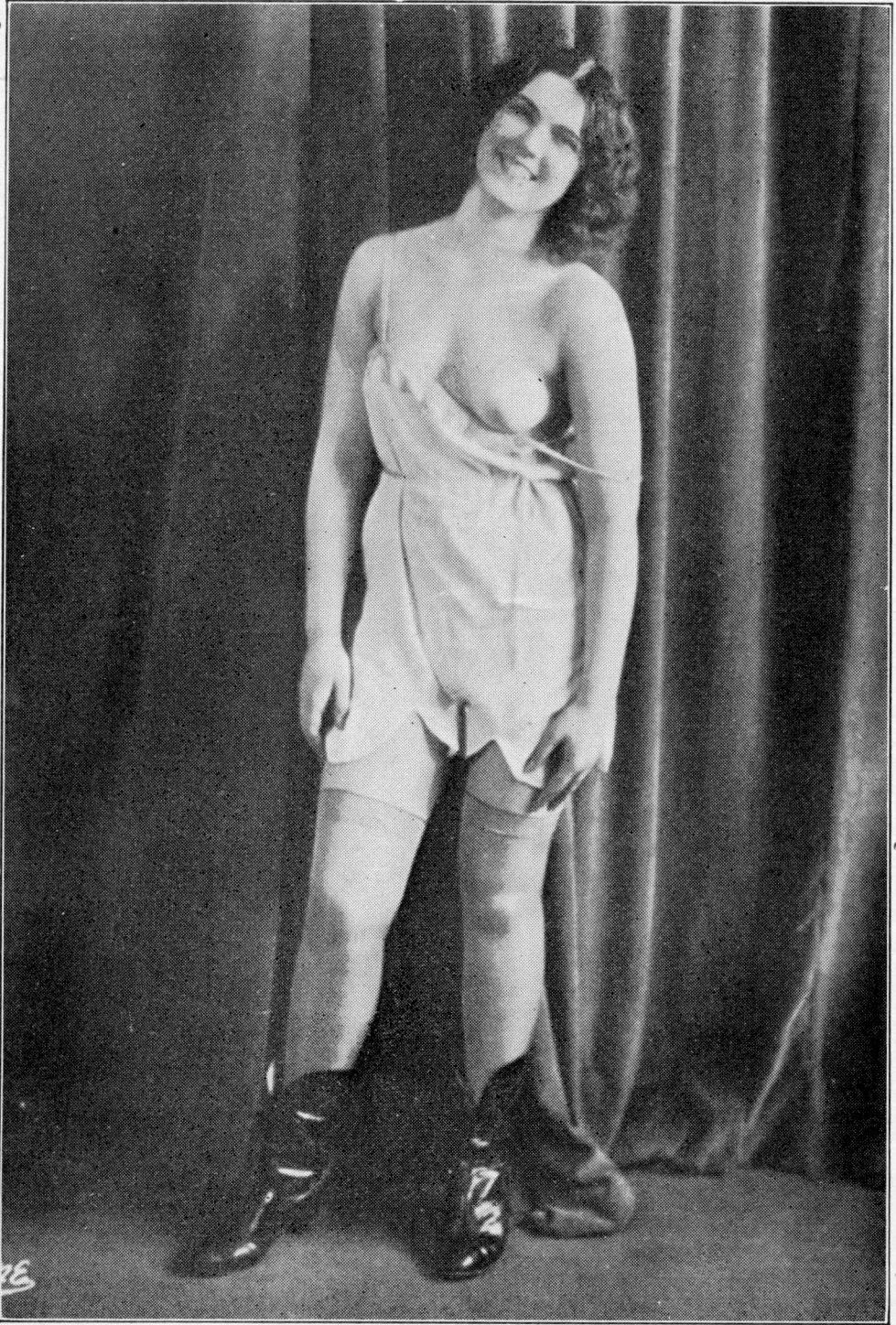
After lunch at the Kappa Alpha Delta house, Joan drove her roadster down to the Quadrangle to polish an apple. It was her only hope if she wanted to go to Paris in the fall instead of returning to college.

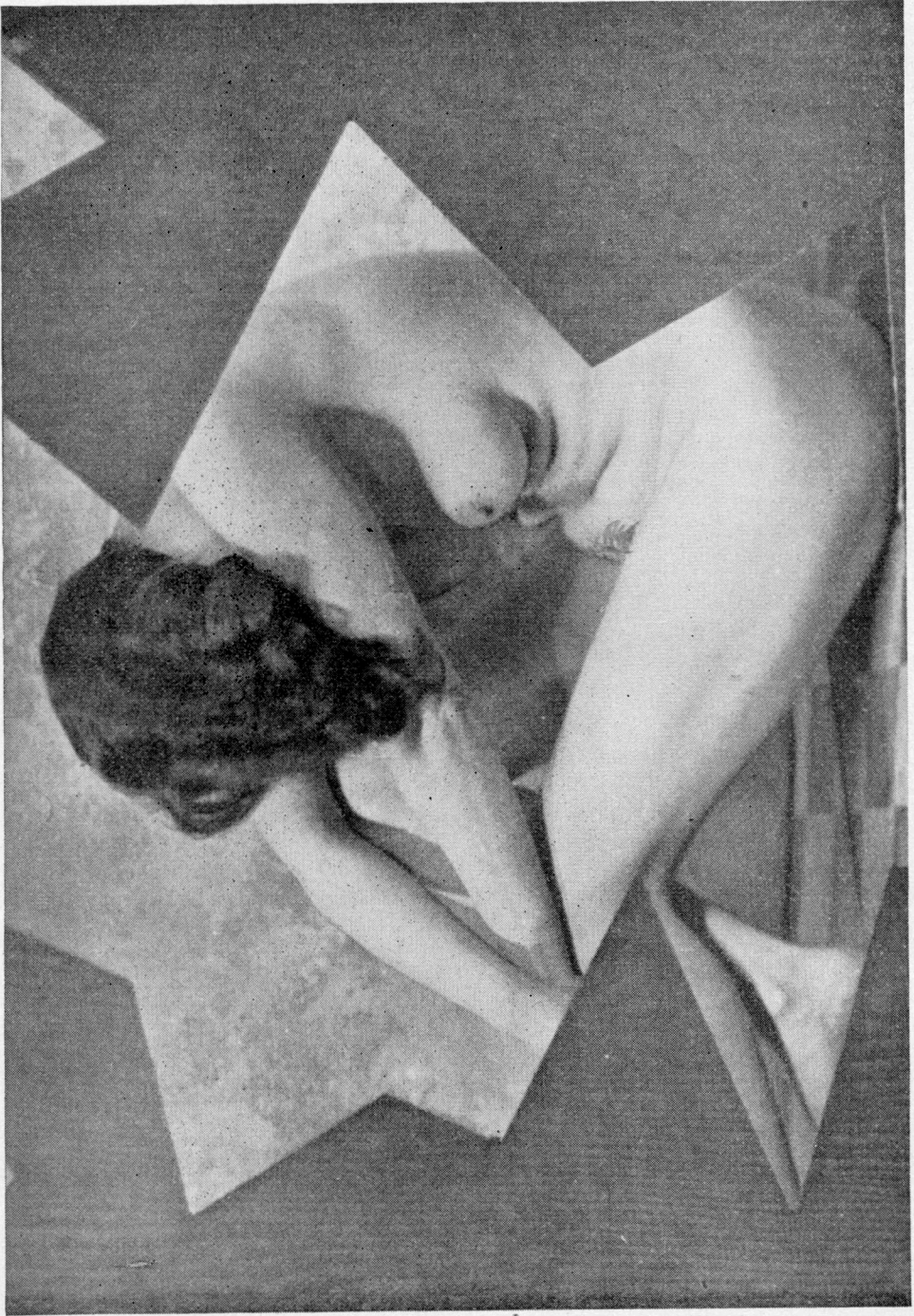
When she opened the door of Prof. Briggs' office in response to his impassive "come in," she simulated her most bewitching smile. The professor coughed.

"How do you do, Professor Briggs," she said sweetly.

"How do you do; how do you do, Miss—a—"

"I'm Miss Cortney, Professor Briggs, in







your eleven o'clock Social Problems," said she in tones of melodious undulations.

"Oh yes, yes; now I recall. And what may I do for you, Miss Cortney?"

"Oh, oodles of things," she replied eagerly.

Joan had sat down in a chair by his desk, crossing her legs carelessly, even more carelessly than usual. Such a generous view of her dimpled knees caused the instructor no little embarrassment. He coughed again.

"You see, Professor Briggs," she began mellowly, "I have been very sickish this semester and I haven't been able to do my-er-best in your course."

She leaned forward in her chair, placing a dainty hand on the rim of his desk. She had worn a certain dress particularly for the occasion. It had an extremely low v-shaped decolletage, and to display her charms even more daringly, she had purposely neglected to wear a brassiere.

Either Prof. Briggs had not been listening or his brain was too befuddled to arrest the meaning of Joan's simple words, for he offered no comment. Joan's eyes were beautiful, but he was having difficulty in keeping his own focused upon them in the face of competing attractions.

"And I was thinking," she continued, "that perhaps you might let me out of the final and give me a grade just good enough to pass me. Of course, I wouldn't expect a high grade, you know."

Joan shifted in her chair, the movement drawing her skirt still farther above her knee. She thought she detected a trace of crimson creeping into his cheeks. Soon he would be ready to grant anything, she thought.

"If I don't pass your course, I'll not graduate," she went on. "The shock would be simply terrible to my parents. And I've really tried hard, Professor Briggs, but when one isn't feeling well it's quite impossible to study."

The instructor came to life.

"Hm-m. I'm sorry about your health,

Miss Cortney," he said. "Surely, though, you can do some reviewing in the next two days and make a showing in the final examination."

His young brows tried to pucker themselves into appearing old and sage. Joan wished that he would take off his glasses. How did he get such broad shoulders giving lectures?

"Oh, but Professor Briggs, I couldn't possibly prepare myself without a terrible strain. And my doctor has warned me to be awfully careful. You see, I never have been very strong." She had almost succeeded in bringing tears.

The strap of her shoe had somehow loosened and somehow she seemed to be aware of it without having seen it. She put her little foot on the rung of his chair and proceeded to have much difficulty with it.

Prof. Briggs was fascinated as she bent forward. His eyes were mesmerized by exquisitely moulded breasts of which the low neck of her dress permitted expansive view.

This had been her principal blow. Her next move was to inveigle acquiescence out of him before he regained consciousness.

"I simply must graduate," she implored tearfully, straightening no more than she had to. He had lifted his gaze just in time, but by the nervousness in his eyes she knew that they had not been idle.

"Hm-m, hm-m." His throat was very bad now. "I'm really very sorry, Miss-a-Cortney," he ventured. "There is really nothing I can do for you along that line. My hands are tied by rules, you know. You must take your chances in the final. I'm very sorry."

Joan was moved to say, "Why you doddering old book-worm, what kind of haemoglobin have you in your corpuscles, anyway?" Instead she said, "Well, Professor Briggs, I guess it's all up with me then. Thank you ever so kindly for your time."



Joan drove up the row to her house in a rage. She ran up to her room and threw herself on her bed. Her scheme had fallen as flat as a pygmy's arch, and what was more, her pride was hurt.

Eva, her roommate, came in.

"What's the matter, sister?" she asked gaily. "Trying to split a couple of dates again?"

Joan didn't answer. She was doing some heavy thinking. Suddenly her thoughts crystallized into an inspiration.

"Eva, I've got an idea and you've got to help me," she announced. "First, I've got a phone call to make."

She darted out of the room and didn't return for several minutes.

"Now listen carefully, girlie, to this plan of battle," she said upon returning. "I just called Peter Briggs and he had to consent to my coming to see him tonight. You know, to get some help for the final."

Eva lit a cigarette and sat down on the bed beside Joan, prepared for the worst.

"I'm flunking his course cold and I'm desperate. I've got to pass the silly thing in order to graduate. Well, it's impossible to pass because I've hardly cracked a book all semester. So, the only way out is black-mail."

Eva gulped, choking on a lung-full of nicotine.

"Now this is what we'll do," continued Joan. "I'll go out to his cottage tonight and ask him a bunch of fool questions about the rate of illegitimacy and so forth. Pretty soon I'll get sleepy and tired and will need some coffee. I won't let him make it. I'll go out into his kitchen, myself. When I've got the tea kettle full of water I'll somehow spill it all over my dress. Well, it's awfully hot these evenings and I'll be wearing exactly nothing but the dress and a pair of sandals. And then—"

"Just a minute, dearie," interrupted Eva. "Do you realize, my sweet young thing, that we have a dean here at Wilmore and that she doesn't approve of her

young charges chatting with professors while in the nude?"

"Oh hush, Eva, till you hear the rest. It will be Peter who'll do the worrying, not I."

"Yeah. And if it's not Peter, I suppose I'm the eventual goat," Eva commented dryly.

"Please listen me out, kiddie," begged Joan impatiently. "Now my dress will be all wet and I'll have to take it off to dry. I'll be muttering to myself in the kitchen, or doing something to make him come in. He'll come in and there'll be me, just like I was at birth, except for the sandals."

"Oh you can leave those on; they won't spoil the effect," bantered Eva.

"Then he'll be pretty flustered I think," Joan took up.

"And what if he forgets he's a professor and turns primeval," contributed Eva wryly. "I hate to flatter you, dearie, but you do look well with nothing on. We didn't vote you the owner of the most alluring hips in the house for nothing. And if he's half a —"

"Will you kindly hibernate that tongue of yours!" demanded Joan. "Don't forget that I've got to graduate. Now where was I?"

"You were standing in the kitchen doing a Venus de Milo, only the dress is on the floor instead of your hips."

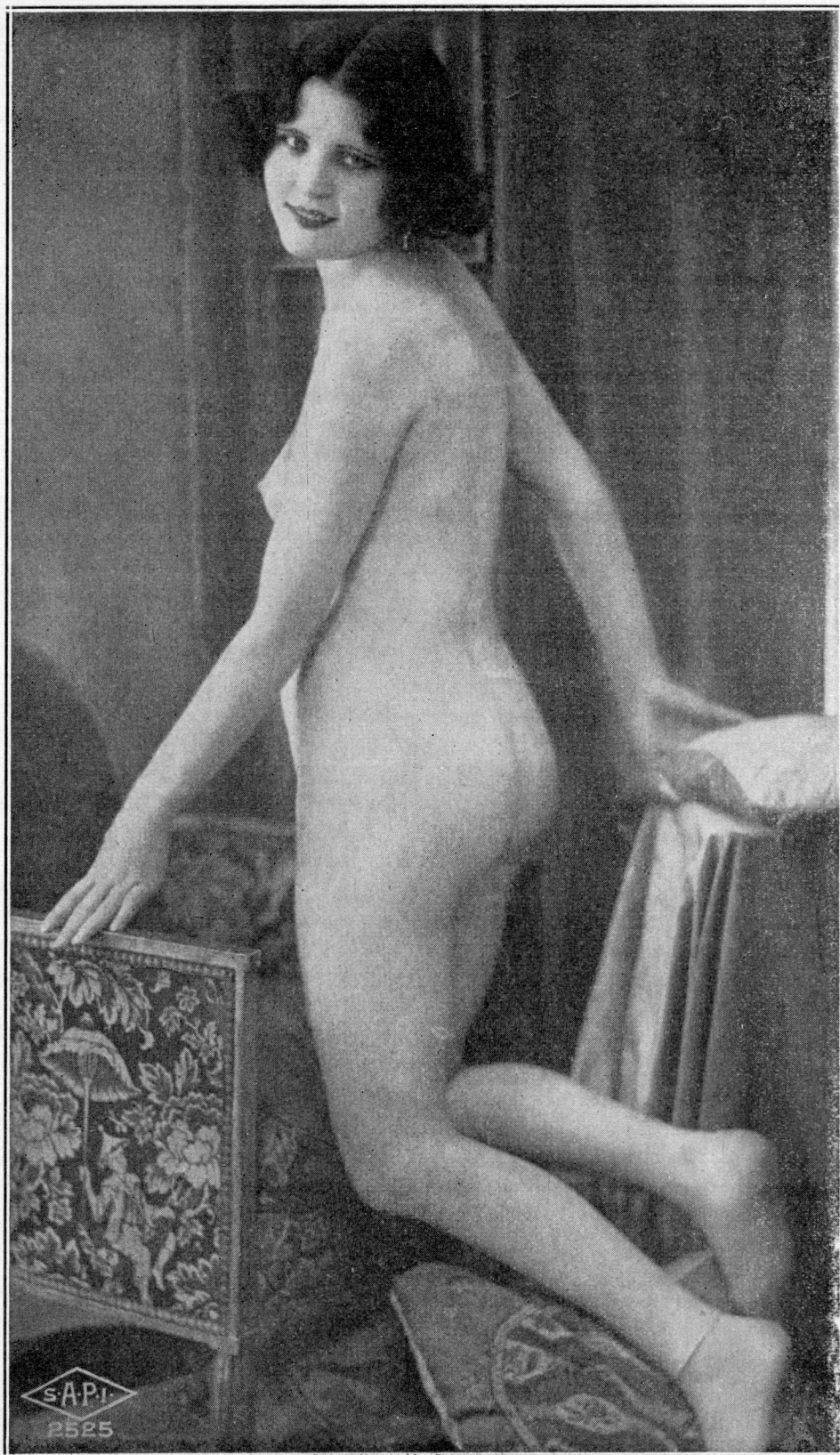
"Oh yes. And then he'll go back into the living room and —"

"Oh yeah?" from the indefatigable Eva.

"And—," frowned Joan, "I'll go on heating the water while the dress is hanging by the stove. After a few minutes I'll pick up the kettle and pretend to spill some more water on myself. I'll scream, pretending to be scalded, and he'll come rushing in."

"But I still don't think he's left the kitchen in the first place," analytically from Eva.

Joan ignored this last crack. "And



here's where you come in, kiddie," said Joan.

"Oh no, I don't," denied Eva. "I wouldn't butt in for the world. Two's company, three's a —"

"Shut up!" Joan exploded. "Now you've been outside all the time, and when I scream you'll knock on the door. You won't wait for an answer but just walk right in. He will have been alarmed and probably will come over to me to help or something. Well, anyway, I'll hold on to his neck, and then you'll come into the kitchen and —"

"And say 'peek-a-boo'."

"Idiot! You'll sort of gasp and act shocked and stammer that you thought someone had said 'come in'. Then you'll leave in a big hurry as though you're going to call the police. I'll do the rest."

"You mean Peter will," supplemented Eva.

"Well, how about it, pal?" Joan asked.

Eva wrinkled her brow meditatively.

"The only part I don't like," she said, "is my part."

"But you'll go through with it so your little roomie can graduate," concluded Joan.

PETER WAS not accustomed to receiving young ladies at his cottage. Joan could tell that by the way he tried to say "good evening," show her to a chair, switch on the lamps, and light his pipe all at the same time.

"Now what bothers you most, young lady?" he asked paternally when they had finally become settled in chairs. He observed that she wore the same low-necked dress and that her smooth-skinned legs were stockingless. At that point she rose from her chair to get a book from the table, and when she passed in front of the floor lamp he also made the startling observation that she wore no undies. He couldn't restrain a cough.

"I don't understand illegitimacy," she stated demurely.

Peter stirred uncomfortably in his chair.

"That is," she continued, "I don't understand where society comes in."

"Hm-m," Peter cleared his throat. "A-society comes in all through there."

"Oh Professor Briggs," giggled Joan, "do you mean bad society?"

Peter began to wish he were on a transatlantic liner. Hallucinations of deans and registrars peeking in the windows at him and Joan's legs visited his perturbed brain.

Time skipped by, what with Joan at times reclining on the floor, careless of where her skirt fell, and at times carelessly and restively dangling one leg or both over the arm of her chair.

Presently Joan said she had to have some coffee. She wasn't learning anything at all and she must stave off sleep.

"No, now don't you bother," she insisted. "I'll go out and fix it myself."

Pots and pans clattered in the kitchen until a coffee pot was finally unpotted. Peter heard her filling the tea kettle and then somewhere enroute from the sink to the stove some mishap befell her.

"I would do a thing like that," he heard her say. "Oh-oh, I'm just soaked."

Peter stalked into the kitchen to view the calamity. What he saw was much more curious than the direst of calamities. Standing by the stove was Joan drawing her dress over her head. Peter tried to retreat before the dress was off entirely, but Joan had completed her intriguing process before he could do so.

"Oh, Professor Briggs, you startled me," she said, holding the dress to her breast with a pretense toward modesty. Most of her delicious curves evaded the protection of the flimsy garment. "I'll have to dry my dress. It's simply wringing water."

Peter coughed. "Oh, that's awfully too bad," he managed to say. "I—a—well, that is, you can hang it on the back of a chair and light the oven," he contributed,



suddenly aware that he was lingering too long. Reluctantly, it seemed, he returned to the living room, despite Eva's hypothesis.

Peter sat down and thought. What a marvelous creature he had in the kitchen. She was positively ravishing with a dress on, but attired in nothing at all she was unmentionably superb. The delights of bare shoulders and limbs, of arabesque torso and breasts, teased his fancy. Boiling water interrupted his unacademic reverie.

Evidently Joan still wanted her coffee. He heard her lift the kettle from the stove. And then a scream brought him to his feet with a bound.

Entering the kitchen on the run, he encountered Joan leaning on the sink in a semi-faint. He leaped to her side and put his arm about her to prevent her from doing a Lady Chesterfield. So alarmed was he that he failed to mark that she had no frock in front of her this time.

When Joan swooningly put her arm around his neck, however, he became more observant of things.

"Where the hell is Eva? Why doesn't she knock?" Joan was thinking. "It would be just like the little devil to walk out on me when it's gone this far."

At last the knock knocked. Joan put a head-lock on Peter. At this point came the new fear that it might not be Eva who was at the door. Peter had used his eyes so much this evening that he seemed to have lost the use of his ears. If he had heard the knock he had decided that it was unworthy of his attention at the moment.

A little gasp of surprise that didn't come from Joan brought him to. He wheeled around and saw Eva in the kitchen doorway.

"Why Professor Brig—!" she faltered.

Then, apologetically, "Oh, I'm so very so—sorry, Professor," she whimpered. "I thought I heard someone tell me to

come in after I knocked."

Peter seemed to be swallowing something that was too big to go down. Joan had recovered completely and was watching Peter with triumphant satisfaction.

"The h-house mother was w-worrying about Joan and I c-came to get her," Eva went on, still wide-eyed. "I'm so-so sorry." She ran out as though she were being chased.

Despairingly, Peter turned to Joan who modestly snatched a dish towel wherewith to conceal her nudity.

"Heavens, Professor," she said with almost genuine alarm, "there is sure to be a scandal. I must step into my dress and catch her. I think I can induce her to keep quiet. But oh! My studying; we haven't finished. Oh Professor, can't you let me by in your course?"

Peter seemed strangely in possession of his senses now. To Joan's dismay he was completely unconfused. He was looking at Joan with a curious ardor in his eyes.

"No," he said at length. "I think you'll have to flunk."

"But—but, I have so many troubles now," stammered Joan, becoming panicky. "I have to graduate, I have to pass your course, and I—I have to save your reputation."

"My reputation!" exclaimed Peter.

"Why of course. The whole campus will know all about this, the way we were here together, and I without my—my clothes. We're not m—married, you know."

"Well then, we'd better get married," said Peter eagerly. "At any rate, I'm going to flunk you so you'll be in my class another semester and I can help you with your studying."

Peter's arms suddenly embraced Joan with a fervor that springs from but one source. His lips descended upon hers; she received them willingly.

"And I'm going to keep on flunking you until you marry me," he concluded.







# “Love Crazy!”

BY

LOUISE LANGDON

DINNER AT THE RITZ wasn't an unusual event in Dawn's life, nor would she have been a stranger at any of the other elite restaurants in New York. Menu cards printed in the French or any other language held no terrors for her.

She could adapt herself quite easily to any environment in which she happened to be placed, and she accomplished with adroit facility the change in atmosphere from the noisy, roistering speakeasy that same afternoon to the circles of haughty exclusiveness which she entered that evening.

Randolph was justly proud of his dinner guest. Amethyst and silver formed the color motif in her ensemble, punctuating her loveliness with a shimmering accent.

"Somebody has been shopping in Paris!" he said, in a voice that was full of enthusiastic admiration.

"It's been done," smiled Dawn, "but not by me! This gown was selected in a shop within a few blocks of the spot where we are sitting this very minute!"

"You have exquisite taste!"

"Thanks!"

Dawn accepted the compliment with her usual discretion. She might have added that her gowns were selected *for* her, not *by* her. She was wise enough to place herself in the hands of discriminating experts on all of her buying expeditions, in just the same way as she depended on the judgment and suggestions of the staff in the Sappho Beauty Shoppe!

Later, at the theater, Randolph became imbued with the thought that a composite of all the beautiful girls on the stage would fall far short of Dawn's perfection.

"The show world lost its most spark-

ling gem when you deserted it!" he whispered during an iridescent scene of rainbow lights and shadows playing about the dancing chorus.

"You're exaggerating a bit," laughed Dawn, "but it's sweet to hear you say so."

"Do you ever hanker for the stage again?"

"No, indeed!" she said. "I like my mornings in bed! No more of those wearisome rehearsals for me."

Randolph never left her side for a moment, not even during the intermissions, and when the final curtain descended she was entangling him more deeply in the web of her fascination than at any time since they had met.

A taxicab carried them to Dawn's apartment hotel as swiftly as the maze of after-theater traffic would permit, and the elevator shot skyward with noiseless precision.

From a filigreed silver vanity case Dawn extracted a key and gave it to Randolph, whose fingers trembled slightly as he inserted it in the lock. The lights in the foyer went on as the door opened.

"If there was a mat on my doorstep, it would say 'welcome' to my castle!" she said, tossing him a radiant smile. "Come in and let's see what can be done with the chafing dish."

"This is just the sort of a castle I'd expect a queen like you to be occupying!" he remarked, glancing around the living room. "It's so dainty, and tastefully furnished, too."

Dawn laughed. "The interior decorator gets the credit for that! I simply paid the bill, that's all."

"And the amount wasn't small, I'll wager!"

"Large enough!"

Dawn led him across the room and exclaimed: "Look! Isn't this the cutest cellarette in New York?"

She opened its doors and drawers and collapsible trays, stocked with a wide as-

glancing at the array of bottles. "Direct from Canada, by private automobile."

"I wasn't questioning its source!" he smiled.

"Well, now that that's settled, I'll run



*"If there was a mat on my doorstep, it would say 'welcome' to my castle!" she said.*

sortment of glasses and bottles and all the equipment necessary for its convivial purpose.

"I'm going to give you the job of mixing cocktails!" she decided, waving a hand toward the cellarette. "Something tells me you're better at it than the bartenders at the Blue Moon."

"You flatter me!" Randolph bowed. "But it's probably better liquor than they serve at that hot spot, even though they've got pretty good stuff."

"It *ought* to be good!" observed Dawn,

along and change. This gown wasn't intended to be worn while preparing even a midnight supper!" In the doorway leading to the bedroom, she paused to

murmur over her shoulder: "You can surprise me with a cocktail when I get back!"

"Okay!" said Randolph, producing a silver shaker. "I'll guarantee its smoothness!"

Carefully selecting the ingredients, he proceeded to measure very generous quantities, as he softly whistled the song that had been played so appropriately by the speakeasy orchestra that afternoon: "*You Were Meant For Me!*"

In the bedroom, meanwhile, Dawn slipped herself out of the frothy gown, then peeled off the foundation garment which molded her hips to the slenderness of a sylph. The rosy glow of the boudoir lamps made her skin seem pinker than a rose-petal, and her reflection in a full-length mirror might have stamped her as the duplicate of the model who patiently posed for the portrait depicting the temptation of legendary St. Anthony!

From the living room came the sound of ice cubes rattling in a cocktail shaker, and Dawn smiled as she recognized the tune that was being whistled.

Cupping a gorgeous breast in each hand, she closed her eyes for a moment and hummed an accompaniment:

*"You Were Meant For Me!"*

Then she grasped her perfume atomizer. . . . When she laid it on the dressing table again, there wasn't a spot from the tip of her toes to the gleaming gold of her hair that had missed receiving its share of the enticingly fragrant, misty spray! And there were certain areas of luscious intimacy that obtained a double portion of attention!

Next she frisked a mammoth powder-puff over the identical route until her skin resembled the downy blush of a ripe peach.

Opening a closet, she let her critical glance sweep over rows of pajamas and negligees that tidily hung in bewildering variety there.

The choice simmered down to a decision between a pale blue negligee with

intriguing lace inserts and wide butterfly sleeves, and crimson velvet pajamas in an ensemble of coatee, bodice and pantaloons. A long minute was devoted to pondering the problem. . . . Pajamas won!

Randolph had just set down the shaker when she appeared in the doorway of the living room.

"Cocktails ready?" she murmured.

"They're just the right temperature!" he declared, advancing to meet her.

"Smooth, too?" she smiled.

"Just as smooth as that velvet!" he replied, glancing at her chic pajamas. She had reached his side, and the perfume of her was making his nostrils twitch eagerly.

"There's only one way to tell!" she said. "The proof of the cocktail is in the drinking thereof . . . you know what they say about the proof of the pudding!"

He filled two glasses to the brim.

"Here's to beauty!" he toasted, raising his glass.

Their eyes met and interlocked as they sipped the tangy concoction.

"M-m-m-m!" she breathed. "It's delicious! You *are* an expert."

Not another word was said until the glasses were empty, then he filled them full again.

"Here's to life!" she whispered. As they drank, their eyes once more clung in mutual understanding.

For the third time he poured, and then the glasses clinked musically as he proposed another toast:

"Here's to love!"

Dawn sighed, her eyelashes touching her cheeks: "Beauty" . . . she swallowed a sip . . . "Life" . . . another sip . . . "Love!" She drained the glass to the last drop.

Then she laughed. "Oh, I promised you one of my rarebits! Aren't you just dying for it?"

Busying herself with the chafing dish, she remarked: "I hope it's going to be good, after all my boasting, but it would

be my luck to have it turn out a failure!"

"Impossible!" he protested. "I'll enjoy it in any event, because *you* made it."

His enthusiastic yearning for her mounted steadily as the minutes flew by, noting every graceful movement.

"You see, I have all of the necessary

component parts of an old-time rarebit, including *real* beer . . . also from Canada!"

Randolph nodded his appreciation. He was rapidly becoming quite speechless with admiration. Beautiful women were certainly not strangers in his life, but no-



*Her arm crept slowly up to his shoulder, pulling his face down to hers. . .*

where could he remember having seen any one who were as enchantingly desirable as Dawn!

The room was dimly lighted. A single lamp stood near the wheeled table on which she had set the chafing dish. The color scheme of its decorative shade was old rose and gold, and the glimmering

rays added a wistful touch to Dawn's attractiveness.

The pajama jacket, daintily suspended from her shoulders, allowed many a glimpse of pink-skinned flesh beneath, as she moved her arms and bent to stir the rarebit! . . . Lacking the protection of that jacket, the charm of Dawn's lustrous torso would have been visible to a degree of soul-stirring nudity, because the bodice was designed for just such a purpose.

Randolph smoked a cigarette and tried to calm his turbulent emotions. His heart was thumping against his ribs so powerfully that he wondered whether she could hear its throbbing pulsations! . . . Her ears were not as sensitive as that, but she could see the feverish light in his eyes as she *could* hear the tremble in his voice!

"The rarebit will be ready in a minute!" she cried.

Randolph arose and walked over to the window. He could sit still no longer. The combination of Dawn-and-cocktails had aroused him to the point where her close proximity made him afraid to trust himself, and he didn't want his passions to rush him into the tactics of a caveman. He decided that it would be sweeter to let this romance develop slowly and logically like a budding flower!

At last Dawn called: "Come and taste it! I'm always a bit nervous until I know it's right."

Randolph came back to the couch and sat down, accepting the plate that Dawn offered.

"Delicious!" was his verdict.

"I'm glad!" she whispered, sinking down beside him.

"Where's yours?" he inquired.

"Oh, I never eat at midnight!" she laughed. "Twice a day is quite enough, and sparingly at that! Any more food would be likely to make me worry about my figure!"

Randolph's glance flitted over her. Such a figure was worthy of the utmost care in guarding against the threat of su-

perfluous flesh! Its rounded elegance was something to treasure very highly!

"You go ahead and enjoy the rarebit!" she continued. "I'll have a cocktail instead."

When he put down his empty plate, he smiled and smacked his lips.

"You're a wonder!" he said. "You must have been practicing the art of the rarebit ever since you were knee-high!"

"Thanks!" she murmured. "It's true that I've prepared more than a few of them."

Randolph refilled her glass, and supplied himself.

"I'll have a cigarette, if you don't mind!" she remarked.

He looked at the silver box on the table, but took out his own case: "Try one of mine. . . . They're made to order."

"*You* light it for me!"

The dimples deepened around her mouth as she parted her lips to take the lighted cigarette from Randolph's fingers, and she moistened its tip with the curling point of a dewy tongue.

Inhaling a puff, she observed: "Very mild, isn't it?"

"Yes!"

"Infinitely more mild than the cocktails you mix!" she added. Her head was buzzing like the humming of a bee, and the blood in her veins was beginning to race madly.

Leaning back among the cushions on the couch, her pajama jacket streamlined open, and remained that way. . . . Even though her eyes were purple magnets, compelling him to gaze into their mysterious depths, he found the attraction of her bodice far more hypnotic! Curving crescents peeped from the crimson velvet garment, too abbreviated to do more than partially cover the firm fullness of her breasts.

"Remember what you said on the telephone this afternoon?" He thought it was time for this romantic situation to begin

(Please turn to Page 58)

# “Inspiration!”

BY

JEAN MAXWELL

**G**LANCING AROUND in a search for somebody who might develop into a prospective customer, Tessy Lane sat at her manicure table in the combination beauty-barber shop of the Hotel Normanlea. As her eyes flitted from person to person, she passed a suede buffer back and forth across her own fingernails, which were already ashine in polished, pointed pinkness.

One part of the establishment was devoted to satisfying the needs of male patrons, the other catered to the beauty requirements of the female of the species, and a wide archway between the two gave inter-communicating facilities.

Tessy's manicure trade came from both, and, in addition, she occasionally received a call from the upper regions of the apartment hotel where milady might be dressing, or some lazy gentleman might not care to descend to the barber shop.

There was a momentary lull in busi-

ness that afternoon, not at all unwelcome to Tessy at times.

“Ho-hum!” she yawned, patting her pouting red lips with the palm of a polite hand.

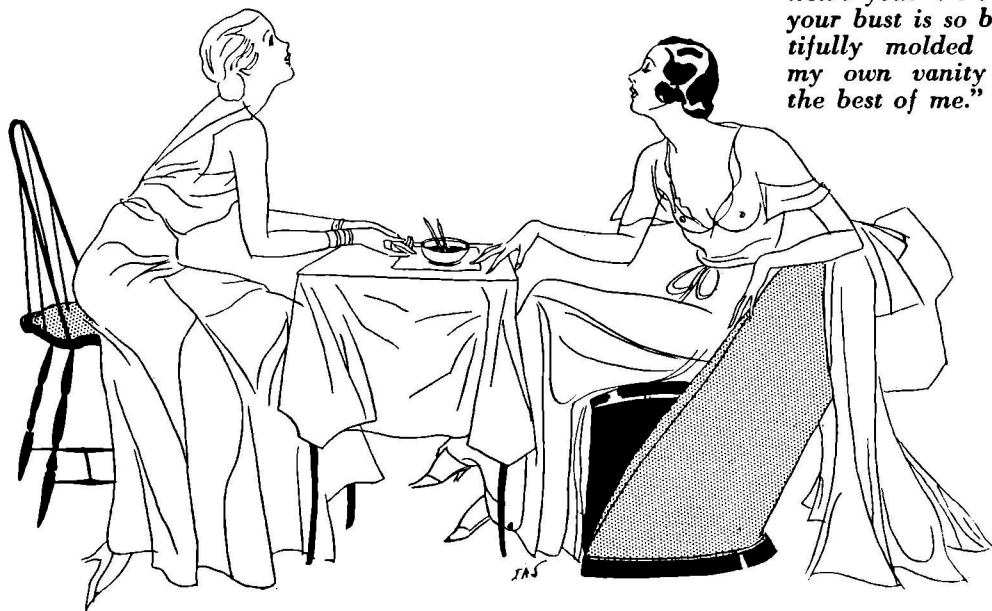
Tessy was the kind of a girl who is usually termed “cute” because of the smallness of her. There was an ever-present dimple in her chin, and when she smiled, which was so frequent as to be almost perpetual, the dimples in her cheeks completed a trio!

This diminutive quality extended to every part of Tessy, with three noteworthy exceptions:

Her mind . . . her eyes . . . and the delectable mounds that stood so boldly sweet just where the converging neckline of her blouse was fastened with a tiny white gold pin!

White was the costume motif among the manicurists, and it was requested that

*“You’ll excuse me, won’t you? . . . But your bust is so beautifully molded that my own vanity got the best of me.”*



each blouse be of white chiffon, with skirt, shoes and stockings all white, and all immaculate!

Tessy's mind was broad, and its breadth included a tolerantly enjoyable outlook upon all the foibles, whims and idiosyncracies of mankind and womankind.

Her eyes were large, blue-tinted saucers, and when she opened them wide in the baby stare of a kewpie-doll, disturbing things were likely to happen in the consciousness of the individual at whom she happened to be gazing!

Compared with the trimness of her waist and the roundness of her sugarloaf hips, daintily symmetrical, those exquisitely curving domes on Tessy's otherwise slender torso instantly changed a casual observer into a keenly interested spectator.

At first glance, those breasts seemed to be an illusion or a mirage, instigated by the loosely clinging folds of the chiffon blouse. But when she moved, the unmistakable outline and shimmer of softly quivering flesh furnished convincing proof of their living and alluring existence.

Tessy hadn't finished her yawn of relaxation when the chief manicurist approached her station:

"Beauty shop, Tess . . . Booth 9."

Picking up her tray of implements, she arose to obey the call. Every eye in the vicinity covertly or openly followed her as she walked with mincing steps, clicking her high heels on the tile floor, and as she disappeared through the archway, many an imagination had been set on fire by her passing!

The hairdresser was putting the finishing touches to a finger wave on the head of a lady of uncertain age but mellow maturity, when Tessy parted the curtains in front of booth nine and entered.

Pulling up a chair, she sat down, and, taking the patron's hand, examined the present condition of cuticle and nails before beginning the manicure.

The hairdresser had stepped aside.



*"You mentioned an important matter to be discussed!" she said. "I'm boiling over with curiosity!"*

"Are you through with me?" queried the lady.

"Yes!" was the reply.

"Then I don't think I shall stay here for my manicure," she declared. "Would you mind coming up to my apartment?" She looked at Tessy. "Number 63-A."

"No, indeed!" Service in the privacy of the hotel rooms meant bigger tips, she had learned.

"I'll be ready for you!" The lady vanished.

The elevator whisked Tessy upward a minute later, and, as she stood in front of Apartment 63-A, waiting for the door to open, the fingers of one hand automatically touched the screwy collection of blonde curls clustered about her ears. The absence of a mirror did not matter. She was *always* preening herself!

"Come in!" The door was ajar, and her customer was smiling.

"I am Mrs. Adeline Moffatt!" Tessy acknowledged the murmured introduction with a nodding inclination of her curly head and a flashing glance.

"What's your name?"

"Just call me Tessy . . . everybody does!"

Mrs. Moffatt preceded her into the bedroom, and walked to a narrow couch set between two draped windows. "I'll rest while you do my nails."

Tessy, a step or two behind, noticed the heavy odor of incense and perfume with which both the apartment and Mrs. Moffatt seemed to be saturated. . . . The latter had changed to a negligee of rust-colored velvet that matched the rusty bronze tints in her hair, and as she settled herself on the couch, the garment opened carelessly to reveal the ripeness of mature contours and the creaminess of well-preserved skin.

"Put your things on that stool," she told Tessy. "Will that chair be all right?" It was a straight-backed piece of furniture, forcing one to sit bolt upright, and this position naturally focused the attention upon Tessy's lovely figure.

The nail file hadn't finished even one finger before she heard a low-voiced query:

"Do you wear an uplift brassiere?"

Tessy glanced upward, smiling. "No, Mrs. Moffat, I don't."

There was a momentary pause, and then:

"What sort *do* you wear, may I ask?"

Tessy smiled again. "I never wear any!"

An incredulous expression stole over Adeline Moffatt's face, and she chuckled indulgently: "Well, my dear, I know that one ought not to be too inquisitive! You'll excuse me, won't you? . . . But your bust is so beautifully molded that my own vanity got the best of me."

Her eyes dropped to the gaping front of her negligee. In spite of the confining and supporting functions of a ribbed net brassiere, the droopy sag of each overplump breast sufficiently evidenced itself to arouse envy at the sight of such a pair of firmly globular marvels as Tessy possessed!

The smile on Tessy's pretty little mouth continued, but the filing stopped long enough for her to remark: "Don't apologize, Mrs. Moffatt! . . . It's quite all right! . . . Lots of people ask me the same thing."

"And do you answer *all* of them in the same way?"

"Of course!" Blue eyes opened widely. "What else could I say? I *never* wear anything there!"

"You must be joking, my dear!"

"Well, just to show you that I'm serious . . ."

Tessy unclasped the white gold pin and spread the neckline of her blouse. The top of a chiffon chemise, with a butterfly bow of baby blue ribbon, nestled there. She pulled one end of the ribbon. Instantly the chemise descended, as the butterfly bow dissolved.

"Mmmmm—mmmm!" intoned Adeline Moffatt. "I never would have believed it possible if I hadn't seen it! . . . You're absolutely in a class by yourself, my dear girl!"

Harvest moons of pure delight were no more dreamily entrancing than the blue-veined, tight-skinned mounds that met her gaze, with red rosebuds blooming in a field of white!

"Simply amazing!" she murmured. "But you must be very young!"

Tessy laughed so heartily that her curls



shook, and delicious tremors gently agitated those bewitching breasts.

"That's what they all say!" she declared. "Really, Mrs. Moffatt, I'm not nearly as young as I might seem to be!"

"Not a day over twenty!" Adeline hinted.

"No? . . . Guess again!" chirped Tessy. She hadn't bothered to tie another butterfly bow. The loose ends of the ribbon hung down, and so did the chemise, but there was not the slightest dip or drag about those proudly defiant, rose-tipped breasts of hers! And her bird-like neck



*Soon, a beautiful poster may appear on billboards everywhere, portraying the gorgeous figure of an enchanting specimen of blonde femininity!*

columned from her delicately modeled shoulders in an unbroken curving line to the dimple in her chin!

"Twenty-two is the very limit!" exclaimed Adeline. "And I think that's stretching it a bit!"

Tessy was enjoying the guessing game. . . . This sort of thing always amused her. . . . These women customers . . . ! She giggled as she went on with the manicure.

"Well, Mrs. Moffatt, I'd hate to be stretching by the neck since I was twenty-two! . . . I'd be much taller!"

Adeline joined in the laughter. "But, my dear, I can't get over it! . . . It's positively uncanny the way these lovely things do support themselves without weakening!" Her hand idly caressed first one and then the other.

Tessy's nail-file speeded up nervously. "I'm just lucky!" she whispered.

LATE THAT AFTERNOON, Tessy was sitting at her table trimming the cuticle on the hand of a gentleman whose iron-gray hair had just been handsomely scissored by a barber.

"Pardon me a moment!" she said, getting up to replenish the bowl of water.

She knew that his eyes were glued upon her as she crossed the room, quick little steps echoing on the tile, and though her own blue orbs avoided his concentrated stare on the return trip to the table, she seemed to feel the penetrating ray mentally undressing her.

A pink blush mantled her cheeks as she sat down again, busily bending her head over his hand.

He hadn't said a word since he had taken the seat opposite her, and neither had she! He appeared to be deep in thought, and she had learned from experience that it wasn't wise to interrupt with aimless chatter the preoccupation of a patron who showed no desire to talk.

She began to speculate on the identity of the gentleman, which was an interesting way to pass the time when conversa-

tion didn't gush in a steady stream. . . . Her male customers were as varied as any cross-section of humanity might well be. . . . Highbrow and lowbrow, dignified and boyish, cultured and uncouth. . . . She was accustomed to advances that were thinly masked as well as openly aggressive!

The knee-rubber, smirking blatantly, was a familiar type, and so was the retiring individual who shyly let her hold his hand in seeming fear of the consequences!

The majority were talkative, but some were as silent as a graven sphinx, wrapped in the abstraction of their own minds.

That was the type that intrigued Tessy. . . . For example, he who was sitting across from her now!

She could readily see that he was not the ordinary run-of-mine customer. He had a distinguished air about him, that illusive but nonetheless impressive "something" that sets certain people above the mob. His hands and fingers were sensitively shaped, indicating the presence of an artistic temperament. . . . She wondered!

His silence and the gravity of his demeanor remained until the manicure was finished. Then he said:

"Thank you!" A folded dollar bill, crisply crinkling, filled the palm of her hand.

"Thank *you*, sir!" she replied, smiling beatifically and letting her eyelids flutter in a manner that would melt the most frigid of dispositions.

"May I ask your name?" The low modulation of his voice reached her ears alone.

She told him, lisping prettily.

"Tessy Lane! . . . Tessy Lane!" he repeated, sounding the syllables as though his mind was far removed from the scene. "I should like to discuss something important with you very soon. It might be to your advantage to call at my office to-

morrow. Here is my card . . . what is a convenient hour for you?"

"Twelve o'clock!" murmured Tessy. "I go to lunch then."

"Splendid!" His dark eyes looked straight down into hers. "Why not have luncheon with me? . . . I'll expect you!" A brisk nod and he was gone.

Tessy quickly glanced at the card flattened against the dollar bill in her hand.

"Reynold Morton!" She was puzzled. She wasn't in the habit of accepting luncheon invitations from strangers; in fact, she had to utilize all her naive skill in refusing offers of entertainment so that the business goodwill of the bidders might be retained! She turned them down and made them like it!

She didn't know why she had broken the rule for this particular occasion. . . . Reynold Morton had been so silent, so reserved, that he was certainly *one* patron from whom she did not anticipate suggestions for a "date" . . . Yet he hadn't flirted! . . . It had come about so very unexpectedly, and he seemed to be so *nice!*

"Well!" said Tessy, straightening her manicure tools. "It won't hurt to find out what he has got on his mind, and besides, I haven't been to lunch with *anybody* like him! . . . It'll be a brand new thrill!"

ON THE STROKE of twelve o'clock on the morrow, Tessy Lane was ascending in an elevator to the skyscraping towers of an office building not far from Grand Central.

Stepping off the lift, she tripped down the hall, scanning the numbers until she arrived at a door which bore upon the pebbly glass panel just two words: "Reynold Morton."

Inside, she found herself in a tastefully decorated reception room. Behind a desk sat a girl whose piercing dark eyes made Tessy experience the sensation of being visually devoured!

"Mr. Morton is expecting me!" she said.

"Your name, please?" The girl's voice had a caressing quality in its soothing tone, a warm, full-throated contralto with a throb in each note.

"Miss Tessy Lane to see Mr. Morton!"

Exactly why she felt that responsive reaction, Tessy couldn't have explained, but the voice *did* cause a thrill like the passing of a fleeting caress over her skin!

"This way, if you please!" The girl spoke again, rising. She was tall, slender, vibrant as a reed, and she glided rather than walked across the carpet. . . . Tessy followed.

Morton greeted her in the middle of the rug in his private office. . . . "How are you today?" he said, extending a friendly hand.

He was smiling now, and the light-hearted effervescence of his personality was utterly different from the reserved, aloof attitude of the previous afternoon.

"Any preference in luncheon spots?" he asked, eyes twinkling.

The combination of pouting smile and big blue eyes, as she gazed up at his handsome face, was a logical reason for the hasty quickening of Morton's pulse, without taking into consideration the exquisite allure of the rounded charms that also inveigled his rapt attention.

The white ensemble of the shop had been discarded in favor of a light blue silk dress that matched her eyes, flesh-tinted stockings of gauze, high-heeled pumps and an impertinent little hat that tried unsuccessfully to imprison her blonde curls.

The white gold pin that stood guard at the intriguing neckline of her usual white chiffon blouse had given way to a sapphire clasp at the ultra-daring "v" which reached its apex in the pink valley that formed the base for the living mountains rearing their glorious eminences on either side.

(Please turn to Page 56)

# What A Man!

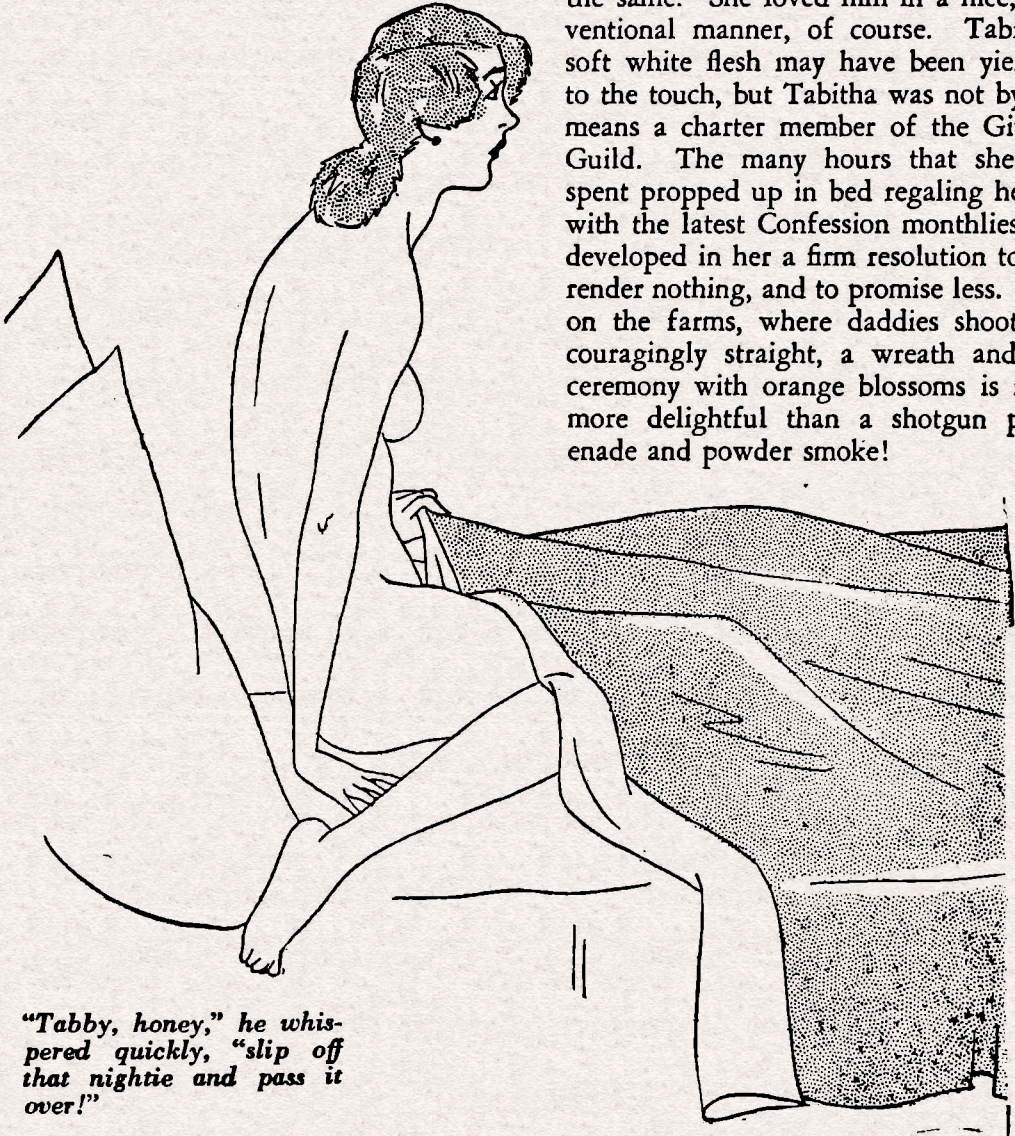
BY

REGGIE COGLAN

**T**HE ANCIENT grandfather clock in the hallway just without her room solemnly tolled off the witching hour of twelve, but little Tabitha was not asleep. Not even half asleep; for the tiny country lassie was bus-

ily day-dreaming in the middle of the night—and liking it!

Archibald Ventress was entirely responsible for her careless expenditure of nervous energy, but regardless of the fact that her dad had put him down as a detestable "city slicker," she loved him just the same. She loved him in a nice, conventional manner, of course. Tabitha's soft white flesh may have been yielding to the touch, but Tabitha was not by any means a charter member of the Givinee Guild. The many hours that she had spent propped up in bed regaling herself with the latest Confession monthlies had developed in her a firm resolution to surrender nothing, and to promise less. Even on the farms, where daddies shoot discouragingly straight, a wreath and veil ceremony with orange blossoms is much more delightful than a shotgun promenade and powder smoke!



*"Tabby, honey," he whispered quickly, "slip off that nightie and pass it over!"*

That Archibald's intentions were good, she felt certain, but perhaps he held a different idea as to the definition of that adjective. She loved him, and her ears were attuned to the word "parson," although that word had not as yet drifted from his lips. As a lover, Archie was a gilded *piece de resistance*; a better lover than a painter, and he *could* do nice landscapes when he wanted to. Now, if only—

A series of none too gentle raps on the window pane roused her from her pleasant reverie, and she lifted herself to a sitting position in the bed. The black outlines of a tall, well formed individual, silhouetted against the small square of light, drew an ejaculation of fear to her lips. Archie! Talk about his Satanic majesty! She wondered what on earth he wished of her at such an unearthly hour.

Easing herself quietly from the bed, she slipped over to the window and threw up the sash. "Archie!" she whispered in tender reproach. "You must be crazy! Why did you risk coming—?"

He was panting like a thirsty dog. "Because I had no other place to—to go!" he interrupted. "Your local Vigilantes developed the idea that—that a coat of tar and feathers—would assist me to develop a roving disposition!"

"You mean they've ordered you to leave town?" Tabitha was frankly amazed.

"With sound effects! The narrow-minded idiots suspect that you—that I—that we—"

Tabitha nodded her head. "I understand. But why the haste? Surely, you're in no immediate danger?"

"None whatsoever," he laughed harshly, "if they haven't followed me here. The hotel clerk, a rather decent sort of chap, beat it up to my room half an hour ago, and warned me that the band had formed and the smell of fresh tar filled the evening breezes. I just crawled through the window in time, I believe, as

I heard a series of angry yells when I dashed into the neighboring woods."

"Why did you come here? You know that my father ranks high in their counsels, and I more than suspect that he leads the mob into action!"

"Because I couldn't leave without seeing you first, and telling you that I've been absolutely sincere. I'm wild about you, little sweetheart."

Tabitha tried her very best to believe him, but she could not. This midnight appassionata was a brand new thrill that somehow or other had not as yet found its way into the magazines, but she would not allow it to puncture so much as a tiny hold in her resistance. Archie was a wise, wise city slicker, but she would show him that the country produces other things besides newspaper columnists and fruits!

A loud voiced argument, emanating from the little clump of trees behind the house, shattered the rural quiet. "He did pass this way!" insisted one surly toned debator who dared to speak as he thought.—"Find him, then!"—"Sure. Dig him out, Bullhead!"—"Go to it. If he's anywhere around my place, I want to know it!"

That last remark froze the blood in Tabitha's ordinarily warm, if scrupulous, veins. It was the voice of her dad, and he was quite obviously on the warpath! Woe betide the unfortunate Archibald if his presence should be discovered beneath the window of his lady love! Hanging would be considered too merciful a fate for a crime of that magnitude!

"Climb in, quick!" Tabitha stepped aside and allowed him to swing over the ledge. "They won't dare to search my room!"

Archie did not feel very cool and collected as he assumed a position in the obscurity near the door and watched the shadowy figure of his beloved as she tumbled back into her bed. Nor did the clump of footsteps at the front of the house add at all to his sense of well-being. Torment-

ing visions of a well greased noose and a sturdy limb danced before his eyes, and regardless of the fact that there was no more yellow in his nature than in the shell of a cochineal bug, he shivered all the way down into his shoes.

Footsteps sounded from one end of the bungalow to the other. Evidently, the searchers were making a thorough job of it! They came nearer. Daddy himself was clumping down the hall, with the undoubted intention of casting an appraising eye into the chamber of his precious daughter.

Tabitha sat up in bed, furnishing an excellent impersonation of Gilda Gray at her shakiest. "Archie," she squeaked in a stifled voice, "they're coming!"

The victim of circumstances tried to think, but found that process increasingly difficult. Perhaps he had still a chance to make a run for it. He tiptoed across the room to the window and stared out into the darkness. Ye gods! Two white-hooded individuals, armed with double-barreled shotguns, hovered in the immediate vicinity, their faces turned toward the house. Escape was cut off from every angle. Archie hoped very fervently that escape would be the only thing cut off that night!

Then, out of chaos came order; but it was a big order. For once in his especially hazardous existence, the painter of landscapes heartily thanked his stars for the heritage of quick-wittedness passed on to him by Ventress, senior, who had successfully avoided massacre at the hands of twenty of the enemy at San Juan hill by posing as a bullet-ridden scare-crow for three long hours. Devil take the odds; he determined to make them even!

"Tabby, honey," he whispered quickly, "slip off that nightie and pass it over!"

"I—I can't!" she squealed plaintively.

"Hurry!" The pounding on the door began. Tabitha's daddy had finally decided to shoot the works. "It's a matter of life or death! You can wrap a sheet

around you—!"

The knocking increased in volume. In just a minute, the old man would raise his voice and demand entrance. They would have to hurry, or wave the white flag from the top of their tottering fortress!

Tabitha hesitated no longer. Leaping from the bed, she slipped the common mail order catalogue sleeping gown over her head and tendered it to the waiting Archibald. Her cheeks flushed a bright shade of crimson, but the comforting realization of enshrouding darkness eased matters more than slightly. In a moment, she jerked the sheet from the bed, and draping it about her in the manner she had seen ladies of the flicker conceal their glaring nakedness, she strode across the room and threw open the door.

Three hooded figures confronted her from across the threshold, and the booming voice of her daddy supplied the reasons for the midnight foray. "Had me worried for a minute, baby," he finished, drawing a relieved breath. "Maybe we'd better have a look around your room, anyway. The bird we're after could easily have crawled in through your window. It's open—"

"Not a chance, Chief!" advised a voice from the interior of the darkened chamber, which closer inspection denoted as emanating from the throat of a white-cowled Vigilante. "Miss Tabitha just let me in through that window, and I had a good look all over while she was opening the door."

"And that's that." The disgruntled investigators in the hallway threw one more casual glance at the more intrepid one who had ostensibly effected an entry through the window a minute before their arrival, and completely deceived by his action in returning to that aperture, they shrugged their shoulders and sauntered toward the kitchen—and hard cider. For them, the chase had lost its appeal. The fore-warned prey of the mob must have

*(Please turn to Page 61)*

# The Right Man

BY

CARROLL B. MAYERS

LOIS REPLACED THE TELEPHONE receiver on its hook, and sank down on the deep-cushioned divan. Crossing her delightfully slender, silken-clad legs, she slowly lighted a cigarette. Her mother watched her quizzically from across the room.

"And who was that?" she asked. "Russell?"

Lois gently tapped the ash off her cigarette tip with a pink-nailed forefinger, and nodded absently.

"Yes."

Mrs. Menton crossed the room and settled herself by her daughter's side. "Just what is the matter with you and young Lynch?" she queried. "I think he's one of the most attractive men you've ever gone with. Don't you see anything at all in him?"

Her daughter watched the thin, blue column of smoke rising from her cigarette. When she spoke, her tone was flat, listless.

"Russell's all right," she replied, "but—"

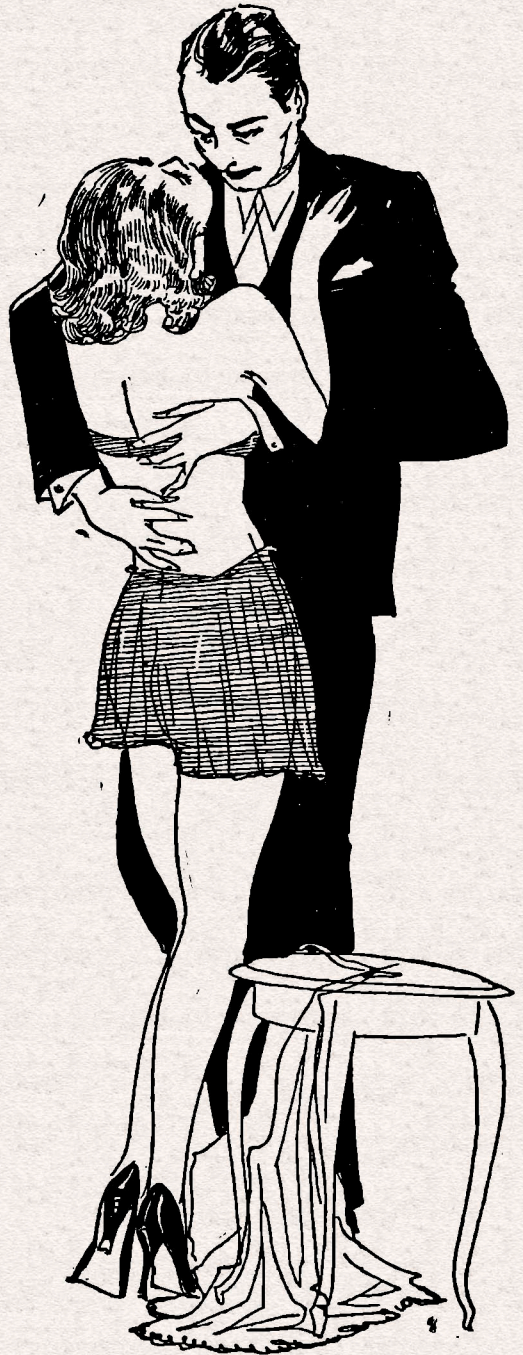
Mrs. Menton was quick to press her point. "But what?" she asked.

Lois glanced up. "Oh, I can't put it in words, mother. It's something you wouldn't understand. I like Russell, but that's about all. He's too matter-of-fact. No life. I want somebody who's alive."

"But he's good looking, and has quite some money. I think you could do a great deal worse than marry him."

"Marry him!" Lois gasped. "I'd never marry him. I could never think of him in that way. The man I marry will have to give me some thrill, sweep me off my feet. I don't think Russell could ever do that."

Mrs. Menton was silent for a moment. When she spoke it was in a slightly different vein.



*Suddenly, however, something seemed to snap within him. He took two rapid steps, and clasped her in his arms.*

"What did he call you up about?"

Lois shrugged pretty shoulders. "He has tomorrow off. Wants me to go for a ride with him out to Lander's Grove. Said it would be nice if we took a little lunch."

"It would be nice," her mother agreed. "Are you going?"

Lois did not immediately answer. She was thinking. A far-away look had crept into her soft, blue eyes. She remained silent so long that her mother grew concerned.

"What is the trouble, dear? Don't you feel well?"

Lois smiled at her. "It's nothing, mother. I was just thinking, that's all. Come to think of it, I might go, at that. There's a brook there, and an old game-warden's cottage. Yes, I think I'll call him up and tell him I'll go."

Mrs. Menton was frankly puzzled. "A brook? Game-warden's cottage? What-ever do you mean, child?"

But Lois made no reply. Her thoughts were wandering. Getting up from the divan, she crossed the room to the 'phone, and put in a call to Russell Lynch.

THE FOLLOWING MORNING was a perfectly wonderful June day. Not a cloud was in the sky, and sunshine lay like molten gold upon the bushes and highway. Riding out to the grove with Russell just before noon, Lois thought she had never seen more perfect weather. She glanced at the young man by her side. If only he were the right man! A day like this and the right man. . . . She was dreaming.

There was a slight breeze, and now and then it flicked her thin skirt back from her dimpled knees, and exposed intimate glimpses of firm, white thighs above her stocking tops. Russell seemed not to notice this, and although Lois was palpably slow in adjusting her skirt about her knees after each of these occasions, he

(Please turn to Page 63)

## Tillie and Mac

Maggie and Jiggs. Dumb Dora. Boss and Bubbles. Peaches and Browning. French Stenographer. A Bachelor's Dream. A Model's Life. Adam and Eve. Rip and Alice. Harold Teen and Lillium. Toots and Casper. The Gumps. Winnie Winkle. Gus and Gusie. Barney Google and Spark Plug. Boob McNutt and Pearl. Tillie the Toller. 80 snappy French Poses. Miss Lola the Famous Bare Dancer. 5 full size pictures of French Lovers. Men and Women in passionate Love poses. All the above will be sent you prepaid for only \$1.00.

CARRANO SALES CO.

P. O. Box 1458 New Haven, Conn. Dept. MG-APR-TM

## "Lessons in Kisses a la Mode"

by Mlle. Fifi

Learn how to kiss . . . exciting demonstrations of the art of osculation, by one who knows!

"Hot-Cha!"

Full of Pep!

"The Art of Love-Making!"

"Honkey-Dorey!"

Spicy and Thrilling!

Send for these 4 booklets! You'll like them!

All four for \$1.00 postpaid.

Be sure to state age when ordering!

**ALDON NOVELTY COMPANY**  
P. O. Box 447, Grand Central Station  
New York, N. Y.

**MEN** Sanitary PREVENTATIVES for health protection. 24 assorted for \$1.00 with money back guarantee. Novelty cigarettes, \$1.00 per box.

O. & S. SALES SERVICE  
4001 Elston Ave., Suite III Chicago, Ill.



## PARIS HOT LOVERS PHOTOS

Taken From Life Poses of French Girls and Fellows. In Passionate French Style Love Scenes. 16 Daring and thrilling photographs, all different poses, for only \$1.00 or 50 for \$3.00. Action picture booklet Free with each order.

SEA-BREEZE NOVELTY HOUSE  
P. O. Box 1458 New Haven, Conn. Dept. MG-APR-L

**BLOOD** DISEASES — No Matter How Bad or Old the Case or What's the Cause. Send for FREE Booklet about Dr. Panter's Treatment. Used successfully for over 25 years.  
Panter Remedy Co., 54 W. Lake, Rm. X605, Chicago

**MEN** SANITARY DRUG SUNDRIES for health protection as low as 80c per gross.  
Send for FREE Catalogue for complete prices.

**GORDON PRODUCTS**  
621 Broadway Dept. F New York City



## Your Glands Wear Out

Try This New Gland Tonic—FREE

Science has now found a way of supplying the body with gland secretions which certain glands often fail to produce sufficiently and which are absolutely necessary for building health, strength and vitality. You can have free proof. Send for our wonderful GLAND TONIC—GOLDGLAN—and Try it 20 Days ABSOLUTELY FREE—NO OBLIGATION. This successful treatment has brought pep and strength to thousands of run-down, weak men and women. Should quickly do the same for you! NO LETTER NECESSARY. Just send this ad with your name and address and 10c for postage and packing. Complete treatment sent at once. Medical Aid Bureau, 529 S. La Salle St., Chicago, Dept. GA 411

## Direct from France

Real French Art Photos and Rare Books in English. The kind Men like. Two sample Books and New Illustrated Catalogue \$1.00 Bill. Catalogue 10c.

JOHN MARTIN

36 Allee Danton

Livry-Gargan (S.—et—O)

France

## SPICY FRENCH TALES

"A French Affairs," "Naughty Nins," "Room No. 11," "Marcelle's Embarrassment," "In Her Boudoir," "Madelon's Lover," printed in English (illustrated), also 4 new Hot Spicy Booklets of blood warming stories and exciting pictures, \$1.00. Express charges, 15c extra.

MYSTIC SHOP

Dept. A, 2463 Kensington Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

## Dependable Hygiene Necessities for the Modern Woman

Catalogue for Stamp

YORENA COMPANY

Dept. PB

Box 312

Bayonne, N. J.

## Books - Photos - Lists

7 Rare Spicy Books \$1. 8 Imp. French Lovers' Scenes \$1. 3 Big Lists Lonely People \$1. All 3, \$2 with 7 French Stories, 16 miniatures, 4 cartoon books, 3 Hot Girl novelties. FREE.

M. G. BRAUN, 353 West 47th Street, Chicago, Ill.

## MARRIED WOMEN'S SECRETS NOW!



You can now depend on our new S. P. Relief Compound. Double Strength. Successfully relieves some of the most unnaturally suppressed stubborn delays very quickly. ABSOLUTELY safe, harmless, no inconveniences. Highly recommended and used by thousands of women. End Feminine misery. Use S. P. Relief Compound and you'll never be without it. All orders shipped, rushed same day received, in plain wrapper. Mail \$2.00. For Double Strength \$3.00, 2 for \$5.00. Write for Free Booklet on Sanitary Products and Rubber Goods, today!

SNYDER PRODUCTS CO.

Dept. 11-N

227 W. North Avenue

Chicago

## Tillie & Bob

(These are the good ones) What Peter Got; A Doubting Thomas; A Hot Baby; Abstracted Waiter; A Midnight Prowler; Orphans of the Storm; A Newsgirl and a Bozo, and many others. Also many French Stories and 24 action pictures, including a hot pocket novelty, etc., etc. All for \$1.00 bill only. Express. (Lists 10c and self-addressed envelope.)

Specialty Sales, 95 Melrose, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Continued from Page 50

"No special favorites anywhere!" she replied to his question.

"Then I'll select the place," he continued. "Let me see! . . . Where'll we go?" He strolled to the window and looked down at the rooftops of New York far below. "Yes, that's the place! . . . A new oasis and a good one! . . . Delicious food, and we can have a cocktail if you care for it. . . . There's music and dancing at noon, too! . . . How does that sound?"

"Great!" said Tessy. "But I'm due back at the shop in an hour or so! . . . I'm not a lady of leisure, you know."

"Oh, let us forget the shop for a little while!" he exclaimed, a trifle impatiently. "By the way, we might sit down here and enjoy a cigarette before luncheon."

"Thanks!" she lisped, choosing a cushioned chair by a window, and accepting the flame of his cigarette lighter. He sat at his desk, the correct vantage point from which to view her loveliness in all respects.

Tessy glanced around, but the office gave no clue as to his business or profession, but, whatever it might be, she decided that the luxuriousness of the atmosphere indicated his prosperity.

"You mentioned an important matter to be discussed!" she said. "I'm boiling over with curiosity!"

He laughed teasingly. "Oh, let us wait until after luncheon for that, by all means!"

THE PRE-LUNCHEON COCKTAIL, high-powered in its smoothness, put Tessy into a frame of mind that would have welcomed an opportunity to go places and do things! Morton was a perfect host, and the shop faded further and further into the background of her mind as the minutes slipped by.

They danced once. . . . His arm about her wasplike waist filled her with a sense of elation, and there was a dreamy mist in her eyes as they circled the floor. . . .

She could feel the crispy crystallizing of the rosebuds on her breasts, pressing against him, and the tightening of his grasp told her that he was fully aware of the softness of her!

Over the post-luncheon coffee cups, she murmured:

"How much longer are you going to keep me in suspense?"

She thought it was the psychological moment to broach the query again, because the preoccupied air of the preceding afternoon had returned to his countenance.

He inhaled his cigarette before replying. "I hesitate to tell you, because I would be frightfully disappointed if you refused."

"Don't be timid!" she urged, in a half-whisper. "You might be agreeable surprised at my answer . . . who knows?" At that moment, *any* thrilling suggestion would have met with a sympathetic reception from Tessa! . . . Something made her feel *that way!*

Encouraged, he leaned over the table. "I am an illustrator! I have just received a commission to do a color poster for use in a national advertising campaign. . . . A girl is to be the central figure, in a pose that will stress the physical charms that you possess so lavishly. . . . You are the ideal model!"

His eyes were ablaze with inspiration. "My studio is there!" He pointed to a closed door. "Will you pose for me?"

Tessa had listened breathlessly. . . . He was staring now at the sapphire clasp which, if unfastened, would remove the only barrier to the complete revelation of the treasures that it guarded.

It was her turn to lean forward. Their faces almost touched.

"How *could* I say no?" she breathed, eyes interlocking!

SOON, A BEAUTIFUL POSTER may appear on billboards everywhere portraying the gorgeous figure of an enchanting spec-

## SENSATIONAL!

Only 500 Copies Available

### "HER UNBORN CHILD"

By GRACE HAYWARD

180 Pages of *Passionate Truth*

Fully Illustrated

\$1.00 PREPAID

**VANCE PUBLISHING CO.**

1732 East 19th Street

Brooklyn, N. Y.

## Fortune Telling Cards



The world-famous fortune teller, Madame Le Normand's own secret system and deck of cards in colors, now so arranged that anyone knowing the key may read them at a glance. "Tell Fortunes" at parties, bazaars, or at home for your own quiet amusement. Send cash, stamps or money order for \$1.00. FREE. Fortune Telling Book, 62 pages.

FRANKLIN ART PRESS

141 Fifth Ave.

Dept. MF-4

New York City

## Daring French Bedroom Poses

Red Hot French Bedroom Poses, every man likes to see. Taken from real life poses of naughty French girls. 12 glossy photos, posed all different positions, for \$1.00.

SEA-BREEZE NOVELTY HOUSE

P.O. Box 1458 New Haven, Conn. Dept. MG-APR-BR

**MEN** Rubber novelties, beautiful girl pictures, sex knowledge books, alluring perfume, rare books — How To Make Love — Hypnotism, hygiene necessities, etc. Where to get. We tell you. Send for valuable list NOW. 25c stamps or coin.

SUNNYSIDE CO.

8574 N. Eutaw Street, Baltimore, Md.

## WOW! WHOOPEE!

Boss and Bubbles; Toots and Casper. A Bachelor's Dream; Tillie and Mack; A Model's Life; Adam and Eve; Kip and Alice; The Gumps; Sheba and Sheik; Somebody's Stenog; Papa Loves Mama; Winnie Winkle and 40 others. Also 48 French style pictures Men and Women Lovers in different poses included. Also Tickling Rubber surprise and extra stuff (kind you'll appreciate). All for \$1.00. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed.

Pathe Sales, 200 East 47th St., New York City

## Hotcha-Get-Hot

The most amazing offer in years. 150 pages of sex secrets. 10 French Photos. Minnie the Shimmie Dancer. She will thrill you. Also two booklets of love and hygiene. All for \$3.00. Ten dollar value. State age when ordering.

**ALDON NOVELTY CO.**

P.O. Box 447, Grand Central Sta.  
New York City

## Don't Get Fooled

Get Original, Real Art Photos from original sharp negatives, not copies. Send 3 cent stamp for sealed information now. Don't hesitate, prices slashed.

LUNA NOVELTY CO.  
570 Lexington Ave., Rm. 602, Dept. B, New York, N.Y.

## WHISKEY HABIT HELP HIM

Send for FREE TRIAL of Nozalco, a guaranteed harmless home treatment. Can be given secretly in food or drink to anyone who drinks or craves Gin, Whiskey, Home Brew, Wine, Moonshine, etc. Your request for Free Trial brings a trial supply by return mail and full \$2.00 treatment, which you may try under a 30 day refund guarantee. Try Nozalco at our risk. ARLEE CO., Dept. H11 BALTIMORE, MD.

## WINNIE WINKLE

Original Cartoon Books Colored, 24 pages in each book. Harold Teen (Sheik and Sheba), Winnie Winkle and the Boss, Moon Mullins and Egypt. All 3 books for \$1. Stamps accepted. State age.

CLINTON HOLDEN  
45 Robert Street Attleboro, Mass.

## MEN

ORIGINAL Popular and Life-like Cartoons in Book Form (Containing hundreds of Tickling Pictures). Also set of 10 Tickling Pocket Cards, and package of new, spicy and snappy novelties that will thrill, tickle and delight you or your friends. ALL for \$1.00.

AMAZON NOVELTY CO.  
Suite 610 7 East 42nd Street New York City

## CONJUGAL SINS

New Illustrated Guide FOR MEN ONLY. All the mysteries of the Bridal Chamber in plain English. Con'ugal pleasures and duties. Secrets no physician will divulge. 248 pages, marked \$3.00. Special \$1.00, sealed. FREE WITH ORDER. "THE BRIDE'S CONFESSIONS."

MYSTIC SHOP  
2463 Kensington Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

## Now You

Can get seldom offered Photos, Stories, Cartoons, Novelties, Drugless Sex uplift, stimulant to make you feel like newborn after you've been drunk! Stamp brings big list.

A. P. WESSELL  
Drawer 406 Troy, N. Y.

## WOW!

You ain't seen nothing until you send for our list. Yes, we have the works: Cartoon Books; Beautiful Girl Photos; Charlie and His Chicken; Merry Widow Hankies; Hot-Cha Girl; A Good Tantalizer; Lovers' Guide and Letters, etc. A dandy combination of samples sent with list for 25c (coin) or 10 Coking Good Samples for One Buck.

S. P. MAILWAY  
331-14th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

### for WOMEN only

Why worry about delayed periods from unnatural causes. Get Quick Results using FEMINESE—Liquid-Tablet Relief. Used by doctors. Moves cases long overdue. Pleasant, safe, no interference any duties. Satisfaction guaranteed treatment \$2.95. Postage if C.O.D. Specially Compounded for Very Obstinate Cases \$5.00. Illustrated Folder Free with order. PETONE CO., Dept. 7M.G., St. Louis, Mo.

imen of blonde femininity! . . . If you happen to see it, you'll know that it is little Tessa Lane!

IN A SPACIOUS APARTMENT overlooking Long Island Sound, guests are constantly raving about the loveliness of the girl who is the new Mrs. Reynard Morton! . . . You probably *won't* see her, but that's little Tessa Lane, too!

Continued from Page 44  
to jell. It couldn't go on much longer without something happening! The pounding of his heart waxed painful now, and every nerve in his body was keenly alive to the fact of her fragrant presence within arm's reach.

"What *did* I say?" she whispered, in a voice that pulsed and purred with emotional fire.

"Don't you recall?"

"Well, I said a number of things!"

"One stands out very clearly in *my* memory!"

"Tell me!"

"You said I deserved a kiss!"

"Oh yes, I remember now!" She lowered her eyelashes and smiled entrancingly. Her mouth, warm and moist and a deeper scarlet than the shade of her pajama, resembled the heart of a poppy in full bloom, and she let the tip of her tongue wander idly around the edges of her lips. . . . Randolph could scarcely contain himself!

"Do I collect my reward?" he muttered hoarsely.

"I don't remember just what you were to be rewarded for!" Dawn laughed. . . . She loved to tease! . . . It gave her a surging thrill to watch the fiery effect of her personality upon anyone with whom she was thrown in intimate surroundings.

"I said I had never met a girl like you!"

"And you really meant it?"

"Of course!"

Her arm slowly crept up to his shoul-

der, pulling his face down to hers. . . . Their lips met and merged for a breathless instant during which the world seemed to stand still!

"Oh!" she gasped. "That *was* a kiss!"  
"The sweetest I've ever tasted!"

Dawn wagged a finger in front of his nose. "There must have been millions before that one!" she smiled. "You're not an amateur!"

Randolph's arm tenderly encircled her waist.

"One good kiss deserves another, doesn't it?" he murmured.

Her eyes snapped shut as her mouth opened expectantly, and she was not disappointed! . . . The tiny tick of Randolph's watch was the only sound to break the stillness for the space of a long minute! . . . Then she tore her lips away.

"Oh . . . Oh . . . Oh!" she panted, wriggling out of his embrace. "You're naughty! Where did you learn to kiss like *that*?"

Randolph tried to recapture her in his arms. "It's the kiss, not the source, that's important!"

Dawn still evaded him, laughing, squirming, hiding her face in the cushions. . . . This was a part of her exciting technique, and its result was always devastating.

"You might let me get my breath!" she said. "Those kisses should be taken in small doses! They're as powerful as your cocktails."

*(To be continued)*

## "Too Hot To Print!"

That's what Editors said about

### "NEVER TOLD TALES"

Spicy, sizzling stories by Ken Cooper, Bob Maxwell and Arthur Wallace.

So daring, so revealing, so peppy, they can be sent to your Express address ONLY at

\$1.00 PER COPY

First Edition SOLD OUT! Second Edition Now on the Press! ORDER IMMEDIATELY!

### Gordon Associates

1732 East 19th Street Brooklyn, N. Y.

**LADIES!** LaBonte's French Specific Pills of Tansy and Pennyroyal relieves many unnatural delayed and irregular periods, often in 48 hours. No interference with work. \$2.00 a box, 3 boxes for \$5.00. Special strength \$5.00. Booklet free with order.

WERCO LABORATORIES

205 Middlesex Street Lowell, Mass. Dept. R

### O - S Flavors - COMPOUND Colors - Ages

Best Yet. Sample 60c. Send for Price list on Extracts, Supplies, etc.

HOWARD NOVELTY CO., Box 3131, Bridgeport, Conn.

### Happy Days For You

With a pal good and true. Meet your Ideal. Dandy little ladies, desirable gentlemen, everywhere, many wealthy. Particulars Free, sealed.

MRS. BUDD Box 753-P San Francisco, Cal.

### From Paris Snappy Books and Photos

For Adults only. Each Set of 10 Photos (Post card size):

- |                    |                          |
|--------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Paris Love      | 4. Girl's School         |
| 2. He & She & How  | 5. French Kisses         |
| 3. Lovely Embraces | 6. Tillie & Mac in Paris |

Each Set \$1. SPECIAL ORDER ALL SIX SETS ONLY \$5. and the book of Love & Passions FREE "THE SCHOOL OF LOVE". Special Set. "32 Best Positions" (32 Photos) \$3. Mailed discreetly by first class mail. No C.O.D. from Paris. Great choice of books at \$1, \$2, \$4 and \$5. Catalogue of books FREE. Stereo Set 14 Photos \$2.

EDITIONS MARCO

48 Rue Daguerre, Dept. S.S. Paris 14e, France

## CONFESSIONS OF A "PANSY"

*(The first real expose of Pansy life)*

Tear off an hour, sink into an armchair, grab-a-hold of "Confessions of a Pansy," and forget your culture. It takes you right into Pansyland. We unfold for you the ins and outs of their queer enjoyments. They have a code of morals entirely unique—these Panstes—and permit no outsiders to see their conventions or their frolics. Learn what actually goes on at these Pansy Dances. Read of the unbelievable activities at Pansy Conventions, where the sky is the limit and only men attend. You never dreamed that Panstes were like that. Darn right, we'll send it in a plain wrapper. Limited edition, \$1.00 postpaid.

PHILMORE PUBLISHING CO., Dept. P.S. 1123 Broadway, N. Y. City

## Boss and Bubbles

Tillie and Mac, Dumb Dora, Farmer's Daughter, Maggie and Jiggs, A Bachelor's Dream, Toots and Casper, The French Stenographer, Peaches and Browning, Adam and Eve, Harold Teen and Lillums, Boob McNutt and Pearl, Gay Life in Paris, Twelve Gay Love Letters, Read Two Ways. Also 50 Rare and Daring French type pictures. (Kind men like.) Also 50 Montmartre type pictures of beautiful girls in thrilling poses with their fellows.

ALL FOR \$1.00

Send stamps, cash or money order.

**PARA CO.**

949 BROADWAY

NEW YORK CITY

## MANHOOD

**Sexual Power and Strength**

By

## VIRITON

Gives Vitality and Youthful Vigor. The Safest and Most Effective Gland Tablet. Why Be Ashamed and Backward. Use "VIRITON" for Manly Satisfaction.

Formula prescribed by leading physicians everywhere.

**\$1.00 per Box**

**Kepecs Pharmaceutical Laboratory**

41 Convent Avenue, New York City

## KIP and ALICE

French Stenographer, A Model's Life, Adam & Eve, A Bachelor's Dream, Boss & Bubbles, Maggie & Jiggs, Peaches & Browning; 40 more and latest Tillie & Mac; also 40 rare type of photo pict., and 5 Frenchy stories; all comp. for \$1.00 bill. (EXTRA: SPECIAL PKG \$2.00.)

BOROUGH NOV. CO.,

4162 Park Ave., New York City—Dept. P.S.

## Real Action Pictures

Imported from Germany

Love scenes of men and women, in life-like action. 5 pictures, all different, for \$1.00. Free with each order, 32 samples of French models.

SEA-BREEZE NOVELTY HOUSE

P.O. Box 1458 New Haven, Conn. Dept. MG-APR-AP

## Are You Premature In Loss Of VITAL POWERS?

To men over 35, who feel the need of regaining prematurely lost VITAL POWERS, VIGOR, PEP and ENERGY—use the amazing scientific DORAL VIGOR TAB. A glandular stimulant recommended by physicians to increase natural powers with long lasting results. \$1.95 postpaid for ONE MONTH'S treatment. 3 boxes \$5. Super strength \$2.95. 2 boxes \$5. (C.O.D. 15c extra. Cash with order outside U.S.)

DORAL LABORATORIES

Dept. D-26 303 West 42nd Street New York City

Continued from Page 10

brace gave him courage. . . . His cheeks were burning, and the hair on the back of his neck felt ticklish!

"You're awfully nice to me, Mrs. Parker!" he said gratefully.

She seemed to melt against him. "That's because you're such a nice boy, Jimmy! In fact, you're positively *sweet!*"

He didn't know it was a premeditated accident, but she seemed to bump against the edge of the couch, lose her balance and fall, dragging him down with her! . . . And, somehow or other, their lips met in the sort of kiss that makes the whole world kin!

JIMMY WAS as groggy as though he had actually been drinking the cocktails that are served in glasses, instead of quaffing the heady nectar of her kisses, when he was preparing to get back on his job at one o'clock.

"Goodnight, Jimmy boy!" Alice whispered, her dewy mouth resting against his. "Listen! . . . I'm going to have bacon and eggs and hot rolls for breakfast! . . . Would *you* like some?"

He grinned delightedly.

"Aw, gee, Mrs. Parker! . . . *You* asking *me?*"

Continued from Page 18

Bruce's blood had suddenly turned to liquid fire in his veins, and he felt a choking sensation in his throat.

"I'll collect my commission now!" she breathed, bending over him. . . . "Kiss me, Bruce, kiss me!"

The temperature of the tropics was certainly no higher than the atmospheric pressure in that room when their lips met and merged in savage ferocity. . . . Bruce's hands were completely lost in the softness of her contours!

"Ah-h-h-h-h!" she panted, lacing her arms about him. "Kiss me again . . . and . . . don't . . . stop!"

Continued from Page 53

arrived at a neighboring township by this time. Archibald Ventress, in his makeshift Vigilante costume, consisting of one perfectly good cotton nightgown, had turned the trick in favor of the defense!

TABITHA SLAMMED shut the door with a groaning sigh of relief, and literally fell into the waiting arms of the triumphant master of the situation. Even the fact that the winding sheet which had hitherto concealed her charms was torn from her as it caught in the door, exposing every inch of her pink-white body to whosoever could see in the dark, did not matter. She leaned heavily against Archie, and listened anxiously until the last faint echo of a departing footstep sounded on the gravel path in front of the house.

"Little precious!" Archie was heartily grateful. "You're the sweetest little sport in the world, and a better thespian than Broadway's best! Honestly, I'm proud of you!"

Tabitha nestled closer in his embrace. "You supplied the brains," she admitted modestly. "I only—"

The words died in her throat. At that identical moment, the moon, which had hitherto concealed its grinning face behind a mass of clouds, thrust it forth, and shot a naughty gleam of light straight through the window to the two lovers. It was then that Tabitha became conscious of her splendid state of absolute nudity, and not being gifted with a heritage of quick-wit or *sang-froid*, she just stood there and gaped.

Archie's arms encircled her shoulders, and his lips found hers. Tabitha did not protest for the time being. As long as she kept him busy kissing, he would not be able to enjoy any surreptitious peeping!

But Archibald had already seen quite enough to fire the blood in his veins. He had known all along that Tabitha was not just an ordinary girl, but, ye gods!



## LADIES!

### Don't Be Alarmed

When DELAYED unnaturally or irregular, for fine results use O. J. O. PERIODIC RELIEF COMPOUND. Often will relieve some of the longest and unusual stubborn cases, very quickly. A successful proven remedy—use no others. Positively safe, harmless. They are used by doctors. No interference with work. Mail \$2.00. Double Strength. 3 boxes for \$5.00. Postpaid in plain wrapper. Valuable booklet FREE.

WRITE TODAY!

O. J. O. MEDICAL COMPANY

227 W. North Avenue Dept. 212-K Chicago, Illinois

## TOTS & CASPER

The "REAL STUFF"—Barney Google & Spark Plug, Boob McNutt & Pearl, Tillie the Toller, Harold Teen & Lillums, Winnie Winkle, The Gumps, Night in Paris. 87 more and French pkg. with 67 genuine French photos. All for \$1.00 bill.

BELL IMP. CO.

P. O. Box 14, Fordham Sta., N. Y. C., Dept. P. S.



## HOW TO KISS A GIRL — 100 WAYS

Only 50c. Also How to Make Love, 50c. How to Write Love Letters, 50c. The Thing Called Love, \$1.00. Dere Mabel, 50c. Special: All 5 for \$2.00. Send stamps, money order or cash.

### FRANKLIN ART PRESS

141 Fifth Ave. Dept. MK-4 New York City

## Agents - Salesmen Wanted!

TO HANDLE OUR LINE OF PROPHYLACTIC RUBBER GOODS. 800% PROFIT. BIG REPEATER. STEADY INCOME—SELLING TO DRUGGISTS, ETC. CATALOGUE FREE. STAMP APPRECIATED. LARGE SAMPLE ASSORTMENT \$1.00. PENN SUPPLY CO., 11 West 33rd St., Bayonne, N. J. Dept. M-13

## FRENCH PHOTOS

Snappy Nude Photos of Beautiful French Models in alluring poses—100 for \$1. Also hot photos of French Girls and Fellows in passionate love scenes—12 for \$1.

PARIS ART SALES

1107 Broadway Dept. S. New York, N. Y.

## PHOTOGRAPHS Tell the Story

Genuine Photos—Beautiful Shapely Girls—Cartoons—Men and Women together—Real Hula Girls—Spicy Books—Superb Photography—Sharp—Clear—Revealing.

Set "A"—A set of 16 wonderful girl photos in very daring and tantalizing poses to show everything to the best advantage.

Set "B"—15 revealing new cartoons, 8 of which show a darling version of The Pretty Farmer's Daughter and the Traveling Salesman. Also 7 additional cartoons each of which tell a complete story in itself. Printed on gloss photo paper.

Set "G"—16 actual photos of men and women together! Very Intimate.

Set "J"—A rare set of photos never offered before. 14 of the finest, clearest Hula Girl photos. One photo shows 14 girls but most of them show only one girl in the hottest, most revealing poses in the clothes as nature intended. Most of these photos actually photographed in Hawaii.

Check sets desired. \$1.00 per set or if this is your first order, we will send all four sets for \$2.00.

We also have a new book title "For Men Only." Spicy reading that Men will enjoy. Full library size over 1 inch thick and weighs 1 pound. Price \$1.50 if ordered alone or \$1.00 if ordered with above photos. Express shipments only. Immediate service. Cash, stamps, money order.

NOVELTY STUDIO

P. O. Box 1002 Rockford, Ill.

# TILLIE and MAC

Maggie and Jiggs, Dumb Dora, The French Stenographer, A Bachelor's Dream, Adam and Eve, Kip and Alice, Peaches and Browning, A Model's Life, Boss and Bubbles, also 100 PICTURES OF ACTRESSES AND GIRLS IN DIFFERENT POSITIONS. 14 lively pictures of a young couple before and after marriage. See what they do. Confidential advice for young maidens and boys. WHAT TOMMY SAW UNDER THE PARLOR DOOR. "Private" tips for men and women. A great love and sex poem. 15 different versions of love. Set of the richest cards out (wait till you see them). HOW TO CAUSE VARIOUS DREAMS. GAY LIFE IN PARIS, etc., etc.

**All for \$1.00**

You may send cash, stamps or money order.

## STERLING SALES CO.

1181 Broadway, New York City

## "SEXUAL POWER"

Prescription for sexual Weaknesses written by specialist for men and women sent you filled by Registered Druggist with full directions for \$1.00. Valuable instructions Free.

W. J. PESSANO, Druggist

Post Office Box 5425 Philadelphia, Pa.

## Real Photos: Direct From France

Great choice of postcard and large size samples and catalog, for \$1.00 \$2.00, \$3.00, \$5.00 \$10.00. Rare English Books, for adults only. Send Postal or Express Money Order.

P. S. MERCIER

5 Rue du Louvre, Paris, France

## CURIOUS & UNUSUAL BOOKS

Largest Selection Unexpurgated Translations, Private Presses, Limited Editions and Sexualia, such as: Scarlet Pansy, What-A-Man, Sex Life, Painful Pleasures, etc. Catalogue. State age and occupation.

### SELECT EDITIONS COMPANY

41 Union Square, West. Dept. S. New York City

## "The Unwilling Bride"

Most sensational, spicy story ever written. The eternal love triangle culminating in murder. It's for you to guess the riddle as to who committed the murder.

### THREE SNAPPY BOOKS FOR ONE DOLLAR

This "Unwilling Bride" and two more spicy books such as "The Bridal Eve," "Hidden Sin," "One Night's Mystery," "A Bachelor Girl," "Love's Caprice," and many others. Each book contains more than 200 pages by famous Love writers. Mention the books you choose when ordering; rush orders; send \$1.00 in cash, U. S. postage stamps or money order.

FRANKLIN ART PRESS

141 Fifth Ave. Dept. MU-4 New York City

## QUICK PEP

Famous French Red Kubex brings speedy help for weak, nervous and prematurely old men lacking in ambition and vitality. SPECIAL—Large \$3 package, triple strength, only \$2—to introduce quickly. Money back guarantee. Send money order, stamps or pay on delivery (one box given free if two are ordered).

FRENCH ROY

K. 10-Box 131 Varick Station New York, N. Y.

He had never imagined she possessed those countless *other* charms!

Tabitha began to enjoy his kisses. Somehow or other, they had never tasted so sweetly before. What a world of fun she had been missing, by placing credence in the cause and effect warnings of the Confession journals! She should have known better.

It scarcely mattered, though. By the time Archie completed the operation of kissing her, exactly two hours and twenty-one minutes later, her education along those lines had been completed. Mysteries which had been mysteries in the past were no longer mysteries. She had graduated with fitting honors, valedictorian of her class, with all degrees save a diploma—and she expected to get that later!

Her old tight-laced New England conscience suddenly awakened from the anaesthesia rendered by Archie's first kiss. It hurt like a tooth-ache. Tabitha was beginning to berate herself for having played the fool, and wondering if, after all, those Confession warnings were not the straight goods. She had believed herself especially clever, but the irresistible city slicker had again walked away with the spoils. Perhaps it would have been better to have turned him over to the tar and feather boys in the first place!

A warm drop fell upon Archie's hand; another. He lifted his fingers to his mouth and tasted them. Briny juice! Poor little girl! He should have prepared in advance for her very natural reactions!

"Tabby, sugar," he tilted her chin affectionately, "you mustn't cry."

"Mustn't I, though?" Poor little Tabitha! Her world had crumbled to ashes. "Why should you care? You don't love me!"

"Love you?" Archie reached for his coat and drew out a folded, official-looking document. Striking a match, he opened the paper before her eyes. "See that?"

Tabitha looked at her; she could not believe her eyes; she looked again.

"Why—that's a marriage license—" she gasped.

"Absolutely!" Archibald almost smothered her with a he-man caress. "That's what I had started to tell you when those sleepy Vigilantes tumbled in on us. I've made all the arrangements, and tomorrow morning, you and I are going to stand up before a J. P., and let him call us anything he wishes, provided that he ends up by calling us man and wife!"

"Oh, Archie!" Tabitha sighed happily. "What a man!"



Continued from Page 55

remained apparently unaware of the lovely feminine charms to be viewed beside him.

Conversation was lax, and before the ride was over, Lois grew anxiously impatient to reach their destination. She wanted to put her thoughts of the previous afternoon into action, and make a little test.

Arriving at the grove, they jumped out and began to seek a suitable spot to eat the lunch Mrs. Menton had packed. They soon found an ideal spot beneath a shady oak, quite near to an old game-warden's cottage. The cottage was no longer in use, but was kept open as a convenient shelter for picnicking parties in case of a sudden storm.

Lois looked at the little dwelling and smiled to herself. It was not by accident that she had suggested they eat near it.

As Russell busied himself in spreading out the lunch, she brought out a small pail from the back of the car, and called to him gayly.

"I'm going down to the brook for some water, Russ. Be back in a minute."

## Vim-Vigor-Vitality

Men—Women—Regain that lost pep that endears you to the opposite sex. Our newest FULLER PEP TONIQUE TABS will help you to rejuvenate your sexual weaknesses. The wonderful results from using these tabs will surprise you. Sent sealed, plain wrapper, prepaid, \$2.00 cash or \$2.15 C.O.D. Special strength containing a gland product for use in severe cases \$3.00. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. One box free if two of either kind are ordered.

PRINCESS ANNE MFG. CO.  
P. O. Box 693 Dept. H-73 Baltimore, Md.

### Books on Corporal Punishment and Other Curios

Unabridged, privately printed and unusually illustrated volumes. Send stamp for descriptive illustrated catalogue. State age and occupation. Address:

THE GARGOYLE PRESS  
(Dept. MG) 69 Fifth Avenue New York

### LADIES DON'T WORRY or GUESS about

delayed periods from unnatural causes. Play safe and use Lemrac Double Strength Prescription Tablets NOW! Formula used by physcians over 50 years. POSITIVE! SAFE! EFFECTIVE! Mail \$2.00; plain box; directions.

LEMRAE PHARMACAL CO.  
Dept. 102-C Box 31, Avon Sta. Cincinnati, Ohio

### "Snappy Girl Photos" Posed in the "NUDE"

All "Front Views", 8 for \$1.00, 35 for \$2.00. Other poses (Side and Back Views), 10 for \$1.00; 89 for \$2.00. "Girls in Dainty Lingerie", 15 for \$1.00; 40 for \$2.00. (The above are all postcard size). List for stamp. Please order by MAIL, and state age. (None sold to Minors.)

C. B. Creed, 6441 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago, Ill.

### Adventures of Flirting Flappers!

A Now Spicy Story by Peaches Hertz! Vividly related Experiences on a Dude Ranch, and the Punishment of Sassy College Flappers! Fully Illustrated by the Authoress! \$3.00. EXPERIENCES OF THIRTEEN GIRLS! By Peaches Hertz. Spicy, Realistic Tale of a Fashionable Finishing School and the Punishment of the Flapper Students! 12 Illustrations by the Authoress! \$3.00. SEX IN THE STYCKS! Seven Vivid, Daring Stories of Sex Life in the Country! By Daisy Barton. Fully Illustrated by Peaches Hertz! \$2.00. EROSION! By Ray King. Spicy, Glamorous Book of Gay Ladies, Love and Liquor! The Story of Paul Morand and His Conquests of Forbidden Loves! Profusely Illustrated! \$2.00.

All Four for \$10.00, Express Prepaid.

ARTO PUB. CO. Desk K. Eolia, Mo.

### WINNIE WINKLE

FOR MEN ONLY: "A Merry Widow," "Mother Eve," "Mama & Papa," "Mabel's Letter To Hubby," "Barbary Kate," 30 more, incl. the new Tullie & Mac, etc.. Also 24 French style pictures. The complete works for \$1 bill.

UNIVERSAL CO.,  
4166 Park Ave., New York City—Dept. P. 8.



## TILLIE and MAC

(NEW STUFF!) Peaches & Browning, Dumb Dora, Maggie & Jiggs, Boss & Bubbles, The Gumps, French Stenographer, A Bachelor's Dream, Adam & Eve, Kip & Alice, A Model's Life. Original — "Night in Paris," Toots & Casper, A Coachman's Daughter, and over 100 more. Also over 70 Rare & Daring French type pictures, incl. 18 Action Photos Montmartre type of Men and Women in various poses. Also incl. Women Alone, in different positions, etc., special free with order. "Advice on How to Win at Cards," also "The Night Life of Paris" and some short rare French stories, etc., etc. Goods sent sealed in plain wrapper. You will receive all of the above. You may send cash, money order or stamps.

**SPECIAL: ALL FOR \$1.00**

**PARIS IMPORT CO.**

4166 Park Ave. New York City—Dept. P.g.

### Attention MEN **MANOIDS** Renew VITALITY

Are you the Red-Blooded, Vigorous Man you would like to be? Are you still Vitally Alive or do you lack Pep and Manhood? Don't be a Failure!

TAKE MANOIDS, the ethical prescription treatment for Weakness due to Over-work, Dissipation, Worry, Nerve-Fatigue, etc. Results are guaranteed, or your money refunded. Correspondence confidential. Mailed in plain wrapper. Special Strength \$1 for 30 doses. \$2 for 75 doses. (Add 15c for C. O. D.)

**DON'T DELAY. WRITE TODAY**

**THE HOWBY LABORATORIES**  
Box 57, Druid Station, Baltimore, Md.

### "Know Your Woman!"

The famous work telling HOW and WHY to pick your woman, whether as wife or comrade, so you'll both be happy. Right up to the 1932-33 minute. Explains vividly all the intricacies of sex allure, now a subject discussed by the greatest writers and educators. Plain words for those of all ages and classes. Gives many instances from life of the mismatching of men and women, with the reasons why. Instructs you in all this in a wonderful new way that will leave you amazed and fascinated.

While the copies last, \$1.00 each, postpaid.

Address **GLADYS SWEET**  
1009 Spinning-Wheel Building  
7 West 22nd Street New York City

### "Men Only" ... Get Next

Daring French and Spanish Girl Pictures. Spicy and realistic books. (Privately printed.) Kind of literature you like but seldom get. Also latest, imported French novelties, etc. Confidential particulars, price list (sent sealed) 10c coin. (Adults only.) Address

**FINE ARTS**

Dept. 261 No. Blenheim, New York

### WERGO FRENCH TONIC TABLETS

Double Strength. A potent tonic and nerve stimulant for men \$2.00 postpaid, in plain wrapper (or C. O. D. \$2.15), 3 boxes for \$5.00. Special Strength \$3.00. 2 boxes Special Strength \$5.00 Money-back guarantee.

WERGO LABORATORIES, 205 MIDDLESEX ST.,  
LOWELL, MASS., DEPT. R

### Thrilling Love Photos!

Beautifully colored nudes of stunning girls, 8 for \$1.00; 25 for \$2.00. Lovely women in scanty lingerie, 15 for \$1.00. All are postcard size. Six red hot combs included free with each set. Cash or Money Order. Samples 25c.

**A. RAY COMPANY**

P. O. Box 83, Station N NEW YORK CITY

She quickly ran down the slight slope to the water. Bushes grew quite close to the bank, and screened her movements. She set the pail on the bank, then did a surprising thing. Wading out to the middle of the small stream, she laid down full length in the water. She waited until she was sure that her dress was thoroughly soaked, then let out a little scream, and quickly getting out of the brook, ran rapidly up the slope to the cottage.

Russell watched her running towards him in astonishment. If he noticed that the water caused her thin dress to cling tenaciously to her, and faithfully outline every delicious curve of her young body, he gave no sign. His voice showed his amazement.

"Whatever is the matter, Lois? What happened?"

Lois was now beside him. She was panting from her exertions. Her lovely breasts rose and fell rapidly. "Oh, I'm soaked! I slipped and fell in the brook, Russ. What shall I do! My dress is ruined!"

Russell was at a loss as to just what to say. He stood there, helplessness and indecision written on his face. Lois caught his arm.

"I know," she said eagerly. "The cottage. It's always open. We can go in there. There's a fireplace, and you can build a small fire. That ought to dry me out in no time."

He agreed. He would have agreed to anything. The whole affair had happened so swiftly that he was still somewhat at sea.

"Of course," he said. "That's the idea; let's see."

It took but a few seconds to reach the cottage, and a moment later saw them inside.

The rustic dwelling was but crudely equipped. A few chairs, a table, and a narrow bench in one corner about completed the furnishings.

(Concluded in May Issue)

## NEW STUFF!

# WINNIE WINKLE

For men only. Tillie & Mac, Toots & Casper, Boss & Bubbles, Fannie Hill, Only a Boy, Harold Teen & Lillums, Boob McNutt & Pearl, The Vampire, The End of Helen, What Tommy Saw Under the Parlor Door, Twelve Gay Love Lettess Read Two Ways, Gay Life in Paris, also 50 Rare and Daring French type pictures, (Kind men like.) Also 50 Montmartre type pictures of beautiful girls in thrilling, snappy, artistic poses with their fellows. We fill orders the same day we receive them. All for only \$1.00. Send cash, stamps or money order.

**IMPERIAL NOVELTY CO.**  
175 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY

# LADIES

I positively guarantee my great successful "Relief Compound." Safely relieves some of the most unnaturally painful and functionally delayed cases in 3 to 5 days.

FOR OVER A QUARTER OF A CENTURY women from all over the country have used this compound with remarkable results. Testimonials without number. No harm, pain or interference with work.

Mail, \$2. Double strength, \$3. Booklet Free. Also with each order while they last 2 Books of 127 pages entitled "What Every Married Woman Should Know" by Fielding and "The Physiology of Sex Life" by Dr. Greer. Simply mail this ad and your order today for either single or double strength treatment to **DR. B. T. SOUTHWORTH REMEDY CO., KANSAS CITY, MO.**



# TILLIE & MAC

Toots & Casper; Maggie & Jiggs; Peaches & Browning; Dumb Dora; Boss & Bubbles; 90 more and 70 rare French photos, including action photos of men and women. All for \$1.00 bill.

**BELL IMP. CO.,**  
P. O. Box 14, Fordham Sta., New York City, Dept. P. S.



## Hotcha Dancing Girl

Snappy, Human-Like Sensational Novelty

A Beautiful Dancing Girl that looks life-like. Produces a Daring, Thrilling Dance. Everybody will go wild. She delivers the "Dynamite Kick" that everybody craves.

When you see her Tantalizing Dance, you'll know why Hotcha Dancing Girl is the Sensation of 1933. See the looks of surprise, and hear the Screams of Laughter when Hotcha Girl Dances. Hotcha Girl is a superb figure of a beautiful girl. Made of remarkable rubber-like washable substance that miraculously resembles Flesh, Hair, Eyes, Lips, and other features are hand-painted. Figure is mounted on a sturdy metal base and is made to Dance in a human-like fashion, by turning the handle on the side of base. And when she Dances, OH BOY. Here is what some have to say about Hotcha Girl. Hotcha Girl was the life of the party. Hotcha Girl produces a thrilling good time. Hotcha Girl has stopped traffic. Young and old will enjoy the thrills of Hotcha Dancing Girl novelty. Each Hotcha Girl is packed in an attractive box and will be sent you for \$2.00 each. SEND FOR A HOTCHA GIRL TODAY. Be the first to have this new thrilling novelty in your city.

**SEA-BREEZE NOVELTY HOUSE**  
P.O. Box 1458 New Haven, Conn. Dept. MG-APR-HG

## Wife Assured Every Man

Write today for a startling offer from the world's largest and most successful correspondence club. Confidential, dignified and efficient service. Success assured. Special offer sent FREE. Enclose stamp, please.

**CORA CURTIS**  
New Carlisle, Indiana.

## A NIGHT IN PARIS

(KIND MEN LIKE) "Amos 'N' Andy & Madame Queen," "The Old Man Steps Out," "The Cats Away," "Abie Kabibble," "Night in a Harem," "Fanny and Dan," "Polly," "A Farmer's Daughter," and 85 more; also 65 French girl photos, incl. Men & Women in various poses; all for \$1.00 bill.

**PARK ART CO.**  
4162 Park Ave. New York City—Dept. P.S.

# Private PHOTOS

RARE EDITIONS  
EACH set 15 photos

No 1. Paris Love	No 4. Maggie & Giggs
No 2. Lovely Embrace	No 5. Girlspension
No 3. Barbary Kate	No 6. He & She

Each set \$1.-- All Six Sets only \$5.-- from  
And Beautiful Miniature Set free. Mailed by first class mail, Rapid and Discreet Service. No C.O.D. from France.

# PARIS

"Real Stuff" guaranteed

H. Librairie Parisienne, 4 Rue du Ponceau. Paris (2e).

## We Have "IT"

5 different rare and daring French stories, also 12 photo's of French girls and their fellows in passionate love scenes, also 16 Min. pretty girl photos, and pocket novelty, all for \$1.00 post-paid. Illustrated catalog 10c.

**UNION SALES CO.**  
788 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

## Free To Men

### "New VIGOR Tablets"

If you want to know what a REAL Medicine is like—a safe, snappy, tonic-stimulant, write for trial package my famous "Vigor Tablets" sent free, sealed ready for use. Used by men everywhere.

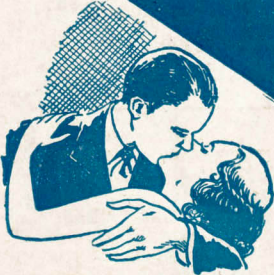
**PIER CO., 19A-74 Cortlandt Street, New York**



## LONELY?

Let me arrange a romantic correspondence for you. Find yourself a sweetheart thru America's foremost select social correspondence club. A friendship letter society for lonely ladies and gentlemen. Members everywhere; CONFIDENTIAL introductions by letter; efficient, dignified and continuous service. I have made thousands of lonely people happy — why not you? Write for FREE sealed particulars. Evan Moore, Box 908, Jacksonville, Fla.

# The True Story of SEX!



## TWO FAMOUS DOCTORS HAVE DARED TO WRITE THIS 640 PAGE BOOK!



*The Kiss*



*The proposal*



*Wedding bells*



*A mother*

### DARING SEX FACTS REVEALED

The truth about Love and Sex now frankly and fearlessly told. Plain facts about secret sins told in plain language. Startling—dynamic—honest. No "Beating about the bush"—each fact told straight from the shoulder.

### SEX IS NO SIN

Bitter tears and years of regret can never wipe out the greatest sin. Is one moment's happiness worth the terrible price to any woman? Ruined homes—lovers separated—married life wrecked—divorce—scandal—sins—of the parents inherited by their children—all the horrible results of IGNORANCE of life's most important thing—SEX! Learn the truth about sex—the human body—its functions, ills, remedies. Both parts of this 640 page book, fully illustrated, reduced to \$2.98, formerly \$5.00.

### BANISH FEAR AND IGNORANCE!

Never before have the facts of sex, the revelations of sex, the marvels of the human body been discussed so frankly, honestly and fearlessly. Everything you want to know—and should know, is told plainly in simple language, anyone can understand in "THE NEW EUGENICS". No one should be without this valuable book. Learn all about the Male and Female Organs, the Fatal Mistakes of Wives and Husbands etc. Take advantage of the special offer. Mail the coupon at once!

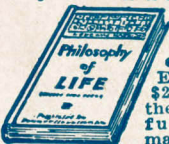
PIONEER PUBLISHING CO.

110 West 40th Street, Dept. 514, New York, N. Y.

### This book tells about.

- Twilight Sleep—Easy Child-birth
- Sex Excesses
- The Crime of Abortion
- Impotence and Sex Weakness
- How Babies are Born
- Teaching Children Sex
- The Dangers of Petting
- What Every Man Should Know
- Intimate Personal Hygiene
- Veneral Diseases
- The Sexual Embrace
- How To Build Virility
- How To Gain Greater Delight
- Guide to Love
- Birth Control Chart For Married Women
- Sex Attraction
- Secrets of the Honeymoon
- How To Pick a Husband
- Dangers of Love Making
- The Truth about Masturbation
- Joys of Perfect Mating
- What To Allow a Lover To Do

### Special FREE offer



This outspoken book GIVEN FREE, to all who order "THE NEW EUGENICS" at \$2.98. Learn about the construction and functions of the male and female body! FREE!

Now **\$2.98**

formerly sold for \$5.00

free offer included

Note—this book will not be sold to minors

Over 400,000 copies of this daring book sold.

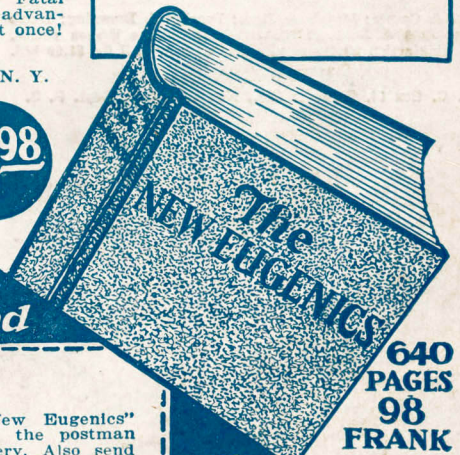
Edition limited

Pioneer Publishing Co.  
110 West 40th Street  
Dept. 514, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me "The New Eugenics" in plain wrapper. I will pay the postman \$2.98 (plus postage) on delivery. Also send me FREE of CHARGE, "The Philosophy of Life".

NAME .....  
ADDRESS .....  
AGE .....

Outside of U. S. — \$3.45 in advance.



640  
PAGES  
98  
FRANK  
PICTURES

clip coupon and mail